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Children's Newspaper, January 21, 1933

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The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER
AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL
The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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MARCONI'S FIRST ENGLISHMAN

See Page Seven

BACK AGAIN ON THE RIGHT DAY

BIRDS TIME THEIR WORLD FLIGHT

Remarkable Annual Event on an Island

A BATTLE FOR THE BURROWS

Every year a most remarkable occurrence takes place on Phillip Island, a tiny speck of land in Westernport Bay, Victoria, Australia.

The craggy rocks at the end of the island are the nesting haunt of thousands of mutton birds. These birds spend the summer months of the Northern Hemisphere in Siberia, but they come to the south of Australia at the beginning of the Australian summer to nest, arriving on either November 21 or 22.

A few birds arrive earlier, like forerunners or an advance guard, but on one of those days in November the whole flight arrives in full force.

Where They Breed in Peace

Last year on November 21 there were many people watching at the burrows, and, just before dusk, the first of the flight arrived. Soon the rocks were resounding with the raucous cries of the birds as they battled for a burrow in which to nest.

There were many differences of opinion among the birds as to the right owner of each burrow. It is said that each bird returns to the burrow it occupied the previous year. The Fisheries and Game Department once ringed some of the birds before they left on their northward migration and marked the burrows they had used for nesting. The next year the same birds were found nesting in the same burrows.

The mutton bird owes its unbeautiful name to the fact that its flesh has something of the look of mutton, though it tastes fishy and is extremely oily. It is quite a common diet, and mutton birds are displayed in almost every fishmonger's window. But on Phillip Island the mutton bird is protected, and nests and breeds in peace.

Two Unsolved Problems

Its real name is sooty-tailed petrel, and each bird lays only one egg. And, although the bird is only the size of a pigeon, it lays an egg the same size as that of a goose. The mother birds stick tenaciously to their nests, and sometimes the drifting sand covers the burrows in which they are sitting. Even then the bird will not leave its nest, and is often smothered to death.

But that is the only danger it encounters. It is an offence to remove any of the eggs.

But how do they time their flight over thousands of miles of land and sea with such exactitude? And how do they recognise the burrow in which they nested before?

King Baby on the Ice



While on holiday at a winter resort in Switzerland these girls enjoyed the unusual experience of taking their baby brother for a run in an ice-perambulator.

A TRAP FOR THE TRAPPERS

EVERY effort is being made in Australia to protect the native animals.

For many years they were hunted so widely for their skins that they were in danger of extinction, and now it is illegal to kill kangaroos, opossums, native bears, or any other animal without a Government permit.

In spite of this there are still men who trap these defenceless little creatures and make money by secretly exporting the skins. The Fisheries and Game Department of Australia recently heard that a band of men were trapping opossums along certain river flats. They might have caught the men red-handed, but they waited. They were after bigger game, and wanted to catch the men who were to export the skins as well.

At last a message came that a certain car had left the district that was being watched and was on its way to Melbourne. Inspectors at different parts of the city watched all traffic, but eight hours passed before the car was seen. It drew up in a tiny lane, and one inspector strolled casually past it. The men in the car mistook him for the man to whom they were to deliver the skins, and they spoke to him.

"Come along and see the skins; we've got a car full," said the driver.

The inspector called to two of his men, and they joined the party. Over seven hundred skins were discovered, some in neat bundles and some concealed in the upholstery of the car.

"This is not the place to discuss business," said the inspector. "Let's drive along to my office."

All unsuspecting and anxious to get rid of the skins as soon as possible, the men drove the car to the address given. Imagine their dismay when they found themselves in front of the Fisheries and Game Department. They had not only given the inspectors proof of their guilt, but had delivered the illegal skins into the hands of the Government. Fines amounting to £800 followed.

SURPRISE IN A WONDERLAND

LAKES IN THE HEART OF A MOUNTAIN

Tale of a Cave, a Discovery, and a Rescue

A HERO'S PLUNGE

Alice could not have been more surprised when she reached Wonderland deep down in the Earth than was Captain J. J. Francis when inspecting a tunnel in a lead mine near Holywell.

Because of the fall in the price of lead this mine in the Halkyn Mountain was abandoned last summer. When he reached the place where tunnelling had ceased he discovered that what seemed to be a mass of solid rock in the interior was in reality a wall. Very soon the workmen who were with him had knocked a hole in it large enough for him to crawl through.

One of Nature's Secrets

What he saw might seem to belong to a fairy story more than to real life. He had stumbled on one of Nature's secrets, which for thousands of years had been hidden from the eyes of man.

He found himself in a huge cavern. When the other men joined him they started on an exploring tour, and to their amazement discovered two lakes in the heart of the mountain. Each was about 40 feet wide and separated by a broad pathway of rock. They plunged a depth-sounding instrument into both lakes and found them 60 feet deep, though there were no signs that the bottom had been reached.

Although there were not many materials near to hand in the tunnel they managed to make a raft. Two of the men climbed on to it and pushed off. They made their way across one of the lakes to inspect the walls.

There was a silence, then the watchers heard sudden shouts and cries and a splash, which was all the more alarming because of the echoes and reverberations set up in the rocky walls of the cavern.

Surprises Still in Store

This story of real life has a hero. Most people would have thought twice about jumping into the icy-cold water of that deep lake, but as soon as Captain Francis realised that the raft had collapsed he plunged in and swam to the rescue of the two men who were struggling in the water. He managed to lift one of them on to the raft and helped the other one to safety.

Although he must have been nearly frozen he swam back and pushed the man on the raft across the water until he reached the ridge of rock. Because of this adventure the story ended abruptly, but there may be another chapter of surprises awaiting Captain Francis and his companions on their next voyage of exploration.

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THE BLIND, THE LAPPS, AND THE ANIMALS

TO SHARE IN A GREAT BOOK

Dr Axel Munthe's Letter To the King of Sweden

OUR FRIENDS THE BIRDS AND BEARS

Dr Axel Munthe has handed over to the King of Sweden all the profits from his famous book The Story of San Michele for the use of the Blind, the Lapps, and the Animals; and by the King's request the letter his Majesty received from Dr Munthe is now printed. This is it.

The Queen referred to is the late Queen of Sweden, to whose memory her doctor has devoted this noble memorial.

I am now so helpless myself through my increasing blindness (says Dr Munthe) that I gratefully accept your Majesty's kind offer to take charge, instead of the Queen, of this Christmas gift from The Story of San Michele to the Blind, the Lapps, and the Animals, to be divided among them in three equal shares.

These Homeless Children

I am well aware that my country does its best to look after its five thousand blind, but among them there are many poor, and I think they should be considered in the first place. As to my little friends the Lapps, I believe it is best to leave these homeless children of the vast wilderness as much as possible to themselves with their reindeer, protected by the right of the weaker and unmolested by the doubtful blessings of our uplifting civilisation and the Evil Eye of too many gaping tourists.

The Lapps prefer to live and die in joy and sorrow their own hard lives. I once asked an old Lapp how they managed if they were taken ill. He said the King's doctor came to see them twice a year, and he thought it was quite sufficient. I watched besides during a couple of weeks one of their own healers, and I strongly suspected that the old boy was not more stupid than I with all my book learning.

When the Lapps Grow Old

But when the Lapps grow old and unable to roam about in their wilderness with their reindeer we must come to their rescue. The late Queen knew it well when she founded her home for old Lapps in Karesuando, and it would please me if my contribution was used for the same purpose.

Even the animals share in this gift I confide to your Majesty's care without any misgivings, notwithstanding the long record of misdeeds in the royal shooting-bag. For I do not forget that no Swedish King has ever done what your Majesty has done to protect the rights of the weaker, be it man or beast. As to me, I confess I have lived too long not to find it easier to love the animals than to love mankind. Wisdom comes with old age. A man is also apt to become somewhat sentimental as he grows old. Better so than to harden.

Ambition Fully Satisfied

If the Swedish book of San Michele can help a flock of migratory birds to escape unmolested this autumn on their flight southward, my literary ambition would be fully satisfied. . . . Who knows if among them is not one whose life was saved by the English edition on the Mediterranean coast last spring during the perilous journey northward? Were it in my power to cater for all the hungry, frozen birds, courageously remaining at home this winter in snow-covered forests, on frozen fields, and ice-bound rivers and lakes I believe that, bird-lover as I am, I would not even hesitate if it came to the worst to sit down to write yet another book in spite of my longing for silence.

Of course I would also like to give a little encouragement to my very special friends the bears, but their famous counsel, Professor Einnar Lonnberg, assures me that the bears are, at least for the present, not in need of any pocket-money, and manage to keep body and soul together on their own scanty resources, and carry on as usual. All they ask for is that your Majesty will be so kind as to see that they are allowed to sleep the sleep of the just in their winter quarters, unmolested by any intruders.

A book which is raised to the sky today may be ridiculed or forgotten tomorrow. The taste of the reading public changes as rapidly as the wind, and nobody knows from what quarter it will blow next day. Weather prophets in a dozen different countries seem unanimous in foretelling that favourable winds will continue to blow for some time, that The Story of San Michele will survive its author.

If they prove to have guessed right, the sum of 100,000 kroner which I hereby hand over to your Majesty will increase, and the Blind, the Lapps, and the Animals shall hear from me again, living or dead.

A KNIFE THAT HEALS AS IT GOES

New Marvel For the Surgeon

AND A NEW TELEPHONE ANNOUNCER

Some of our best known scientific instruments have attracted popular attention for the first time at the annual exhibition of the Physical Society held at the beginning of each year at the Imperial College of Science at South Kensington.

This year the 23rd exhibition proved as interesting and as instructive as its predecessors, both in its research and experimental section and in the rooms in which the makers of scientific instruments display their amazing apparatus.

Here were to be seen the latest methods in the recording of speech, an important factor both for the film industry and for detecting the early phases of nervous diseases.

There was something, too, of great interest for surgeons, an invention of Mr A. W. Lay, of the Marconi Company's laboratories at Chelmsford. By the use of an electrical high-frequency apparatus Mr Lay was able to show how a blunt surgical knife could cut away malignant internal growths as never before.

Wonders of the New Apparatus

An electric arc, cutting with a saw-like action, is not new in surgical practice, but the electrical apparatus connected with it gave harmful shocks to the patient. The new apparatus avoids this evil, and it is claimed that this new electric knife, by destroying the tiny nerve endings as it reaches them, acts as its own anaesthetic, and, by sealing up the small and large blood vessels as it severs them, acts as its own tourniquet and ligature binder. Another advantage of this bloodless surgery is that it is possible to operate with this instrument under water, as is occasionally necessary.

In the section of the exhibition devoted to the instruments used by the Post Office was an apparatus which will replace by a spoken word the irritating burr-burr-burr which assaults our ears in telling us that our number is engaged. We shall thus hear a voice automatically produced from a record, with which it will be useless to argue.

A BLESSING OR A CURSE?

GOLD IN KENYA

Urgent Problem For the Government To Deal With

JUSTICE TO THE NATIVE

The discovery of gold in Kenya is fraught with serious consequences to the natives of that British colony. The case illustrates how great a curse gold can be and how true it often is that the love of money is the root of evil.

The natives of Kenya live upon land. Without land they are disembodied creatures whose condition is pitiful to contemplate. For this reason native reservations of land were made in Kenya colony and pledged to the natives by a Native Lands Trust Ordinance.

Unfortunately for the natives, gold has been discovered in the native reserve, and the Ordinance has been amended by the Kenya Government, with the consent of the Imperial Government, altering its terms and making it possible *to compensate a native for loss of his land by paying him money.*

Sudden Wealth

If this amendment of our pledge is allowed to stand we shall see Kenya natives deprived of their proper means of livelihood and awarded a monetary compensation which may ruin them.

Let us recall how often it happens, even in civilised countries, for men who suddenly become possessed of quantities of money to throw up their proper work and to take an easy road to ruin. This has happened to men inheriting fortunes, to persons winning big sums in lotteries, and, alas! in too many cases to persons who, under the Workmen's Compensation Act, have been awarded sums for the loss of limb or sight.

If civilised men thus succumb to the sudden handling of money what is likely to happen to natives driven from their land by gold and awarded a mockery of monetary compensation? Missionaries and others who know the facts denounce what it is proposed to do, and we join very heartily with them in expressing the hope that the Imperial Government will withhold its consent to money payments in the matter

A Common-Sense Policy

What the Government should do is perfectly plain. Where a native is dispossessed of land because gold has been found on it *he should be compensated by the award of equally good land elsewhere.* That policy is dictated alike by common sense and by humanity.

It is a great trust which has been undertaken by the white races of Europe in taking charge of the lives and destinies of the native peoples of what used to be called the Dark Continent. The population of all Africa is 142 millions, and the white people among these are almost negligible in point of numbers, although they rule the entire Continent. The time has gone by when any individual, responsible or irresponsible, can refuse to regard a native of Africa as a man, entitled to all the rights and privileges of manhood.

A Comparison

There are some who, comparing the original tribal life of African peoples with the surface education of many Europeans, are not impressed with the advantages civilisation has conferred upon those who have been detached from work on the soil. However that may be, there can be no defence for depriving African natives of the land on which alone they can develop a reasonably good African civilisation.

It has been said by Sir Edward Grigg that the Kenya Government was opposed to the pledge given to the natives by the British Government; but this is beside the point. There are not two rulers in Kenya, and the British word is its bond, whoever may disagree with it.

PROUD FATHER AND PROUD SON

A NAME IN THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE

The Two William Braggs and Their New Metal

BRAGGITE

It is not long since we had the pleasure of meeting together a father and a son of whom we thought "Had ever a proud father so proud a son?"

They were Sir William Bragg and his son William, the Director of the Royal Institution and the Professor of Physics at Manchester, two men beloved by their friends for their own great qualities and honoured by the world of science for their achievements.

Now they have honoured themselves and been honoured once more, for they have the great happiness of seeing their name immortal in the Book of Knowledge. It has become the name of a newly-discovered metal, Braggite.

Braggite has been so named in honour of Sir William Bragg and his son, both of whom have made great contributions to the study of crystalline structure by X-ray analysis.

From the Rocks of South Africa

The new metal was discovered in specimens sent to the British Museum from the platinum-bearing rocks of the Bushveld in South Africa. When these specimens were examined by X-ray analysis they were found to contain many familiar elements, but there was also found a substance which had an unfamiliar crystal structure. This proved to be something new, a compound of palladium, a metal which resembles platinum. Braggite seems to be formed from platinum sulphide, some of the platinum atoms being replaced by atoms of palladium.

The discovery of the new metal is of the highest scientific interest because it is the first successful employment of X-ray analysis in finding a new mineral. But it is believed that this process may in future lead to the discovery of other minerals of great general use.

What will come of Braggite we do not know, but what will become of the Braggs we do know—they will be for ever on our Roll of Fame.

STEALING A CITY'S FOREST

The thief is not usually looked upon as a hard-working person, but the artist at Treves in Germany who succeeded in digging up 80,000 pine trees in a municipal forest and replanting them in his own grounds cannot have been idle.

The tasks he is now performing in prison will probably seem light in comparison with his forestry.

The most suitable punishment, surely, would be for him to have the task of replanting them again, and in this he should perhaps be helped by the custodians of the municipal property who were so neglectful of their duties as not even to miss a mere trifle of 80,000 trees.

THINGS SAID

Why must people eat in a theatre?
Mr St John Ervine

No country is better off from any point of view than ours. Mr J. H. Thomas

If boos are good for headlines, why not, in common fairness, the plaudits also? Sir Oswald Stoll

The pace of life is too fast for the man in the street even to catch the headlines. Professor Einstein

The teacher's duty is not only to provide a meal but to create an appetite.
Lord Moynihan

Ambition is either the luxury of the happy or the distraction of the wretched
Dean Inge

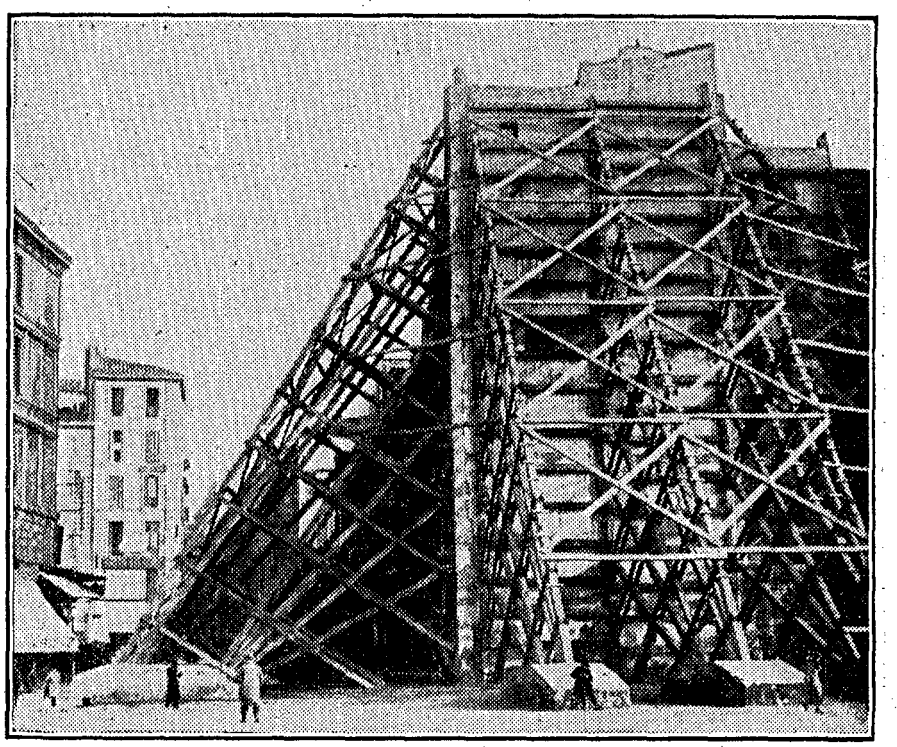
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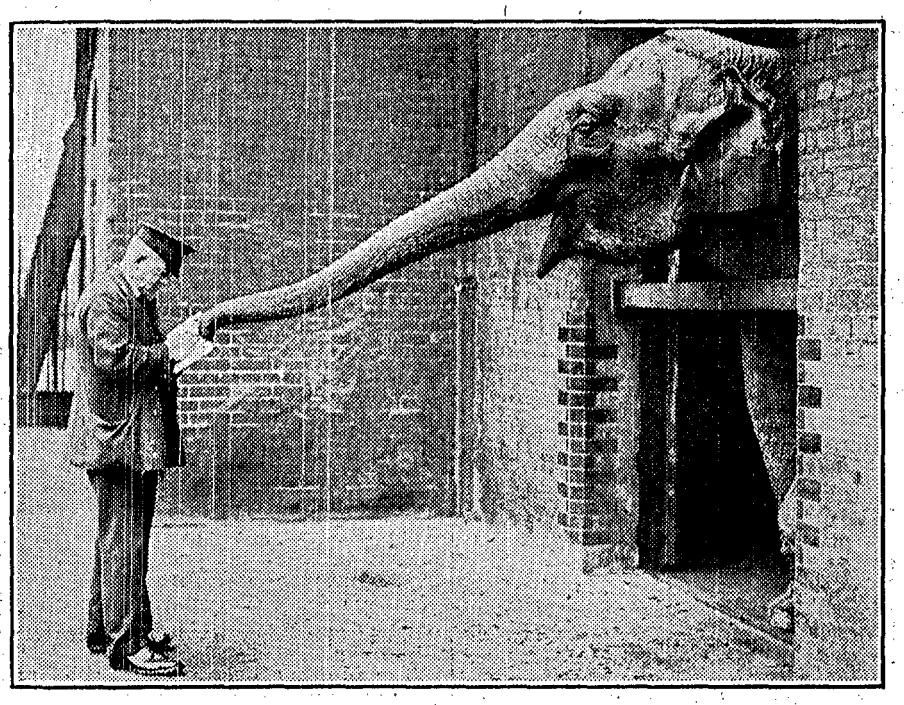
POTTERY ARTISTS · TAKING A ZOO CENSUS · SCOUTS AS PRINTERS



Pottery Artists—Here are some of the skilful girls who paint coloured designs on pottery. The picture was taken in the famous Doulton Pottery at Burslem.



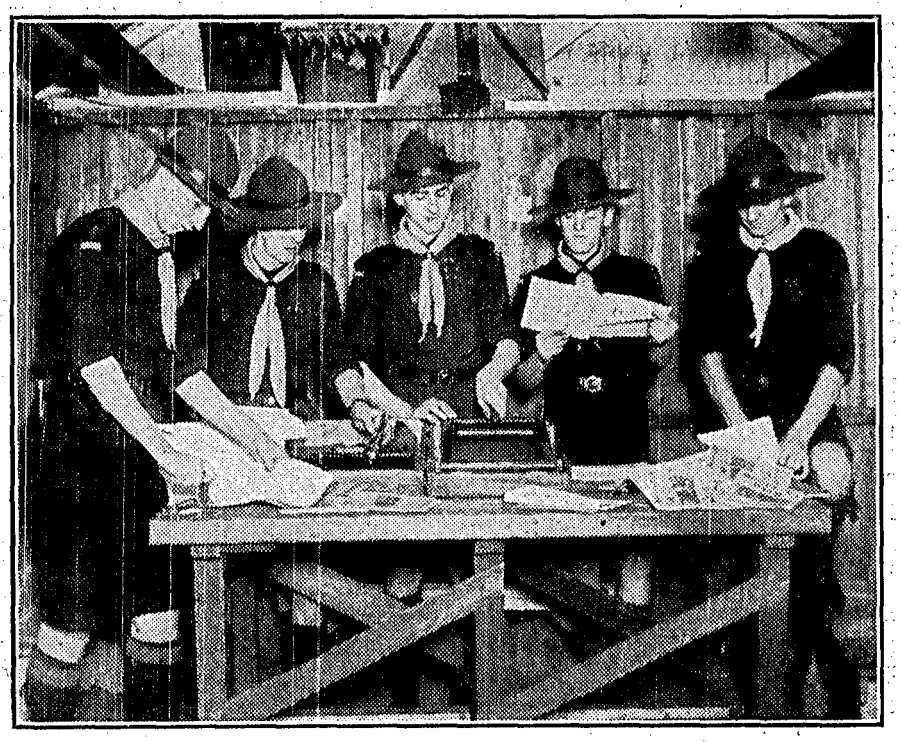
Holding Up a House—In a quarter of Marseilles where buildings are being demolished a big house had to be propped up in this extraordinary way to save it from collapsing.



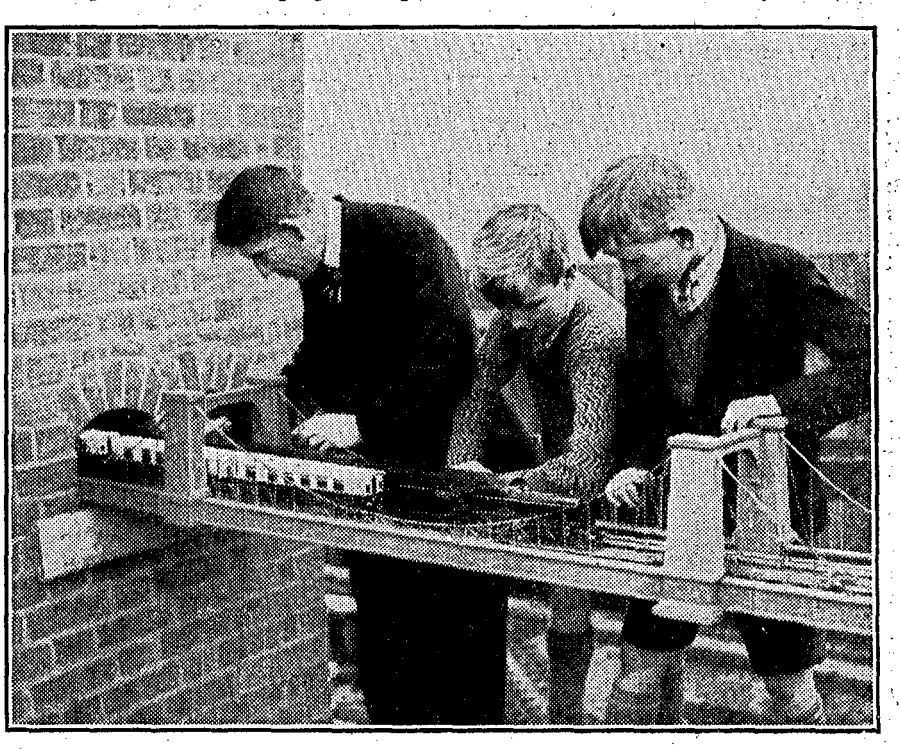
Don't Forget Me—When a census was being taken at the Zoo this elephant seemed to be anxious that the keeper should not leave him out of it.



Taking Off—There are ways of flying other than in an aeroplane. Here is the beginning of a skier's thrilling flight through mid-air as he takes off from a snowy bank.



A Scout Magazine—Scouts of a Clapham troop write, edit, and print their own magazine, known as Silver Grey. Here is a scene in the printing office showing the staff at work.



A Garden Railway—A splendid model railway has been constructed in a garden at East Finchley. In our picture trains cross a bridge and run through a tunnel into a garage.

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PILLARS OF FIRE

The Crimson-Red Flame By the Thames

NEW ROAD-CROSSING DEVICE

It is not often that we can accuse the L.C.C. of having a taste for poetry, but they have betrayed themselves in the matter of the new traffic guides on one of the embankment islands at Charing Cross which we have already described in the C.N. These are officially known as Pillars of Fire.

A curious person seeing these unusually attractive shapes from afar and going closer to look at them will see the words Pillar of Fire cast in the iron work, unchangeable.

This happens to be an exact description of the signal, but how fortunate it is that it should have been adopted! It might so easily have been replaced by some awful word ending in ization.

First, they really are what they say they are—pillars of fire that burn and are not consumed, and give the illusion of flame in the charming fluted shape and mounting colour, from yellow to crimson-red, as the official description says.

A Peep at the Future

Then they are really useful and fulfil their purpose of warning heedless motorists of the presence of these islands which are the salvation of the footfarer who, greatly daring, attempts to cross that new racecourse, the Embankment. Then they will provide such agreeable incidents.

"If you please, officer (says a friend of the C.N.), have you seen a little stray white cat? I was following it to catch it and have lost it."

"I made a note of seeing a little white cat sitting down by a pillar of fire," says the constable.

But the best of all will come in some future day when some new race is digging out records of London, that chief city of a forgotten people. The new race has already found a book called the Holy Bible which tells among other things of Moses leading his people into an eastern wilderness.

Imagine how puzzled the new race will be when they come on some L.C.C. records about pillars of fire! They will be obliged to set up a special Commission to decide how Moses came to lead the Children of Israel down the Strand.

SINGING IN THE TRAIN

Another impossibility has become possible. An express train may be a concert hall.

Who can think of a fast train without thinking of roar and rattle too?

But we must rearrange our ideas.

The other day, while passengers were being raced from London to Worthing at 72 miles an hour, a small group of people went from one car to another singing English madrigals. Their audience listened undistracted to the lovely intricate part-songs of Byrd and Morley, to merry folk-songs, and to such modern good music as Holst's.

The singers belonged to the London Madrigal Group, conducted by Mr T. B. Lawrence, and the train was the first electric Southern Belle to run to Worthing. She ran almost without noise.

It is pleasant to think that this wonderful occasion was celebrated by English music of the noblest sort, and not by the hullabaloo of Jazz rubbish.

SIMPLER TELEPHONES

A new dial has been invented for automatic telephones which will greatly simplify the work of ringing anybody up.

The dial does not rotate, but the letters and numerals are arranged round it like ten small typewriter keys. Instead of turning the dial the keys are depressed, and some very ingenious gear-wheels encased in the base of the instrument do the rest.

LONDON'S COUNTY HALL

Finish of a Great Building

HOW TO CELEBRATE IN HARD TIMES

Owing to the difficult times the L.C.C. has decided to celebrate the completion of its magnificent County Hall by holding a simple afternoon party.

We regret that circumstances have prevented the public jubilation which this addition to the splendour of London deserves, especially as it is a constant reproach to the inhabitants of the greatest city in the world that they lack civic pride. Anything that can be done to promote this uplifting quality is to be encouraged, and the C.N. suggests that the County Hall should be floodlighted for a month to mark the event.

Inspiration For Young Men

Mainly owing to the war the County Hall has taken over 20 years to build, the foundation-stone having been laid by the King in March, 1912. Its total cost has been nearly £3,900,000. It will stand as a permanent inspiration for young men, for the architect, Ralph Knott, was only 29 when his design was accepted in a competition open to the world, 152 architects entering. Ralph Knott died four years ago, and died poor, and everyone regrets that he did not live to see his work completed, for it has gained more and more admirers as the years have passed. Its principal features are the river façade 700 feet long, the marble Ceremonial Hall, and the beautiful Council Chamber.

The new wing which has just been completed has 200 rooms, in which 1000 people can work, five conference rooms, and a large hall. Its most important feature is an educational library planned to hold 80,000 books.

HATS OFF TO A COUNTY COUNCIL

A Fine Bridge Saved For the Lake Country

The famous Devil's Bridge at Kirkby Lonsdale must be wondering what can have happened.

During five centuries there has been constant traffic over its three fine arches, which span the Lune in a beautiful setting of river and mountain and moor. Knights and monks and pedlars, people in the costume of many periods, have crossed this ancient bridge, and wheels of many ages have jolted over the narrow road, less than eight feet wide, between its parapets.

After 500 years of continual use the bridge stands silent.

So heavy was the volume of traffic passing over the Lune at this point that the bridge, one of the finest of its kind in the country, was threatened with destruction. If it had been widened its beauty would have been spoiled, so the Westmorland County Council wisely decided to build a new bypass road and bridge over another part of the river. Thus a rare treasure has been saved for the country.

JUST A MINUTE AWAY

An Office Garden

A reader of the C.N. from its first copy writes to point out with regard to a recent article we published on a by-way off Cannon Street station called Laurence Pountney Street, that having worked in that street for over six years, she knows it well.

When the spring comes, she says, one minute from the crowded, roaring traffic of the City where thousands pass without ever seeing or realising such a thing, tulips and daffodils grow, and in the summer delphiniums, tobacco plants, and lilies of the valley can be seen in the tiny garden of an office building.

A BARGAIN BETWEEN NATIONS

How To Get Things Going

The Prince of Wales says the time bids us be good neighbours to each other.

Good neighbourship is for nations as well as families. No one would say that Newfoundland and South Wales were neighbours—at the first blush, at any rate. But after all there is no country that lies between them except Ireland, so they are all but next-door neighbours.

Newfoundland needs coal; she has to import all she needs. At the same time, she has plenty of timber; her forests are immense. South Wales, on the other hand, wants pit-props, and has coal enough and to spare. It was at Ottawa that a Newfoundland lumberman met the colliery owners of South Wales. And then and there they negotiated a deal. Newfoundland was to provide 76,000 tons of pit-props; South Wales was to provide 40,000 tons of coal for the Newfoundland Government Railway.

Profit for Everyone

All the details of the arrangement are now worked out in a proper contract, and work is being started in the Newfoundland forests and underground in the collieries of South Wales. Both countries profit, and the British steamers which carry to and fro will also profit, for those steamers are now lying-up. But most of all do the workless men benefit on both sides. Better work than dole.

There will be no cash payment either side except to trim up any claim there may be at the end for some defect of quality or quantity on one side or the other.

THE LITTLE OLD MAN AT HIS PIANO

Incomparable Pachmann

THE LADY WITH THE FAN

The world has lost a great musician, Pachmann, the incomparable pianist, whose interpretation of Chopin has entranced millions of people.

He passed on in Rome in the 85th year of his youth. Only the night before he died he was able, in spite of his illness, to play some bars of his beloved composer's work.

He was like a strange little old fairy who never grew any older and never seemed to have been any younger; he was a kind of Peter Pan of the musical world. Many were his whims and fancies, but his mannerisms only endeared him to his audiences. They loved the simplicity and charm of this little man nodding and smiling at them, and they appreciated his lack of self-consciousness and his genuine sincerity.

He would often talk to his listeners. After playing a Chopin prelude with exquisite grace and charm he would turn to them with a beaming smile and exclaim, "Wasn't that beautiful!" and then the house would be nearly brought down by applause.

Pachmann, who was a Russian, became a naturalised Italian. It was in Rome that he died, and it is characteristic of him that in the last request he made he was thinking of others. He asked that he might have a simple funeral and that the money which would otherwise have been spent on funeral expenses should be given to the Italian home for aged musicians.

Once he was playing at a concert and a lady sitting in the front row was fanning herself with an enormous fan. Pachmann found the movement so irritating that he stopped playing. He turned to her, and said: "Madame, I am playing in three-four time. You are fanning in six-eight. Kindly stop."

19TH CENTURY OF THE CRUCIFIXION

A Holy Roman Year

THE THINGS THAT MATTER

The twelve months beginning on April 2 are to be a Holy Year in the Roman Catholic Church, in celebration of the nineteenth centenary of the Crucifixion.

It is a fine idea, and the fact that there is some doubt about the exact year of the Crucifixion ought not to lessen the reverence paid to the supreme event in the history of mankind.

The purpose of the celebration is to give men the opportunity to think about their universal brotherhood and all matters of a lofty spiritual nature. Of this, declares the Pope, there is a special need today in the midst of so many tribulations; of so much forgetfulness of what is eternal; of so much paganism; of so much searching after pleasure and the joys of this world.

A Strenuous Task

The celebration, says the Pope, will divert attention from conflicts and strife, distrust and doubts, armament and disarmament, losses and reparations, debts and payments, economic and financial interests, individual and social hardships; and concentrate attention on the spiritual things that matter.

The celebration at Rome will impose a strenuous task on the Pope himself. Few of the predecessors of Pius the Ninth can have presided over so many great ceremonies or received so many pilgrims to Rome as he has done. In the Jubilee year of 1925 he received over 600,000 pilgrims, and in 1929, his personal jubilee as a priest, 200,000 more.

FAITHFUL AFTER DEATH

The Watcher of the Queen's Granaries

It is a proud thing to be faithful until death, but Professor Selim Hassan has discovered the grave of one who desired to be faithful after death as well.

The professor is excavating what is called the Fourth Pyramid near Gizeh. Here, he believes, was buried Queen Khanet Kawas, daughter of the last king of the Fourth Dynasty. Near her monument were a temple and the houses of many priests. They were well-planned little houses, with bed and sitting-rooms and lavatory and kitchen.

The tombs of the queen's chief retainers are here too, and one is inscribed Watcher of the Queen's Granaries. He was buried opposite the granary, as though he had asked to be laid there, at his old post, and could rest nowhere else.

Very often there appear obituary notices of old retainers whose masters pay tribute to their long periods of faithful service. But there has never been a more faithful servant than the old Egyptian who has watched over the queen's granaries for more than forty centuries.

NEW BOND BETWEEN PEOPLES

Helping Quickly in Calamities

Three days before the passing of the Old Year something happened at Geneva which is a good omen for 1933 and the future unity of the world.

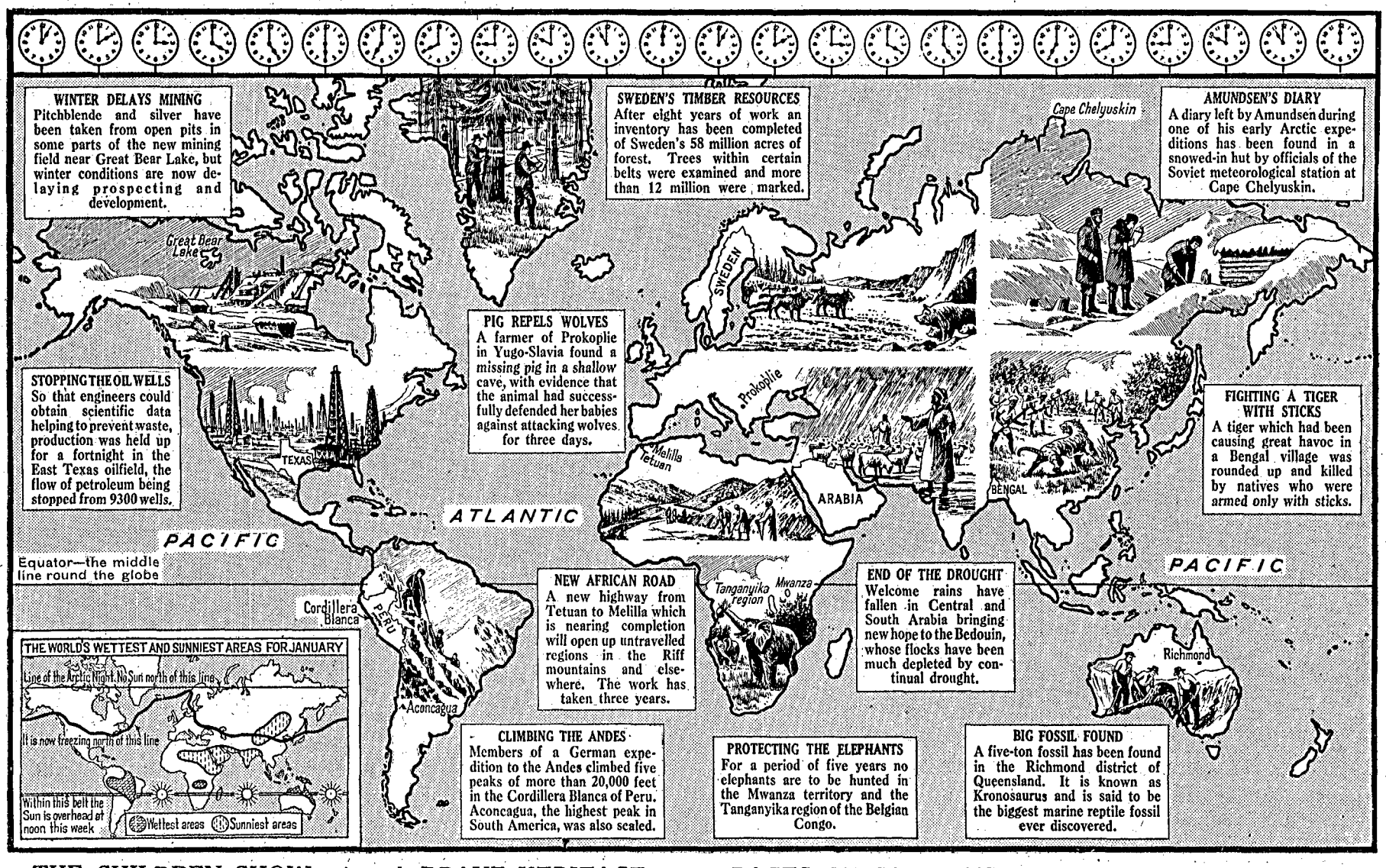
An International Relief Union has been created for giving immediate help to people overtaken by terrible catastrophes such as earthquakes and floods.

Representatives of nearly 30 States have signed the Convention, and about three million pounds have been contributed to start a relief fund ready for an emergency.

Relief in money and kind is the chief aim of the union, which will also co-operate with private organisations, so that much time and money may be saved.

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PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



THE CHILDREN SHOW THE WAY

Joy Bells at Coatbridge

A GOOD BEGINNING FOR 1933

We have just heard why people rushed to their windows to see what could be happening in the little town of Coatbridge on Boxing Day.

There was a stir of excitement as three motor-cars laden with exciting-looking parcels appeared first in one street, then in another, in the poorest parts of the town. In each of them sat a Santa Claus with a list of addresses of children of the unemployed, and at many a door there was a sudden rat-tat-tat, when Father Christmas came into the home and delivered gifts to the delighted children. Altogether 350 children received a parcel.

This is how it happened. The Buchanan Street Congregational Church was decorated with Christmas trees. On the Sunday before Christmas the minister suggested that the children should share their presents with the children of the unemployed. When he proposed that each child should hang a gift on one of the empty trees there was such an eager response that by the evening 350 toys and other gifts adorned the tree.

Grown-ups also did their part by sending many generous gifts of money, cakes, and chocolates. Packing and addressing the parcels would have been no light work if it had not been for the many willing hands that helped. The good deed, like a snowball, had grown until it was heavy to push.

He who gives a child a treat
Makes joy bells ring in Heaven's street.

It was a surprise which will not be forgotten by many Coatbridge children, who but for the kindness of those who were better off would have had a cheerless beginning of this New Year.

A new rule book of 300 pages, showing how to deal with numerous emergencies, has been issued for the 200,000 employees of the L.M.S

A BRAVE HERITAGE

Father and Son

By a sad coincidence the people of Swanage are mourning for a man who died, as his father died, serving the lifeboat.

William Brown helped to haul her up, but collapsed a few hours later and died from the strain.

Some 30 years ago his father was washed out of the lifeboat when it went to the rescue of a vessel off Old Harry Rock. His naked body was afterwards found to the leeward of the rock.

He was a strong swimmer, and had stripped off his gear, but the seas had been too much for him.

The old people of Swanage have never forgotten the terrible night when the lifeboat came back without Brown and people walked about the beach for hours, fancying they could hear his cries in the storm.

Both men were greatly loved, both were enthusiastic workers for the Sunday School, and both were certain to volunteer if there were some hard, dull task to be done, without reward. Both have died comparatively young men, and yet they could not have died more willingly, however long they had lived.

PRAYER AT A TOWN COUNCIL

Prayer may be uttered in any place on Earth, but it is interesting to hear of unusual places in which people kneel to pray.

In the Life of Lord George Sanger, the circus man, he gives an account of how he and his little brothers and sisters would kneel in a row each night and morning in their caravan to pray.

Both Houses of Parliament are opened by prayer, and Newbury Town Council is now to follow Parliament's example, their business meetings in future being opened with prayer by the mayor.

More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of.

PAGES OF CANADA'S HISTORY

Wolfe's Book of Orders Comes To Light

A find of great historical interest has been made in Ottawa.

In 1759 General Wolfe led the English forces against the French in Canada, but he died in his hour of victory as the French were routed on the Plains of Abraham and Quebec fell to the English on September 13.

There has now come to light in Ottawa the notebook of Wolfe's orderly officer, in which are written details of the General's plan of campaign. One section of the book describes the siege of Quebec, giving the secret orders for the landing at the cove now known as Wolfe's Cove; it also describes the battle on the Plain. On one page are diagrams made in May, 1759, showing how he intended to place his troops.

Another interesting page shows General Wolfe's will, which he made on the flagship Neptune while his expedition was off Cape Race in June, 1759.

GOOD NEWS

A little time ago the C.N. told its readers about the disappointment in the hearts of many small people because the Play Centre in Walworth was closed.

Someone went down to fetch away property left behind last year, and the children thought that she was going to open the centre again. They swarmed about her like bees. She had to say that it could not be, because there was no money.

The C.N. is delighted to say that the money has been found. The Play Centre is now open. There are room to play and warmth and light, and people to teach new games. No longer will the children have to choose between playing in the gutters or dodging the drips from mother's washing in a living-room shared by five or six folk of different ages.

It is good news.

THINGS WE COULD DO BETTER

Our Uninspired Coins and Stamps

We are glad that our ugly stamps and coins have been discussed by the Design and Industries Association.

The Association has as its object the doing away with inefficiency and ugliness in things of everyday life, and nothing could be better than to get to work on our uninspired coins and stamps.

This is how Sir Stephen Tallents, Secretary of the Empire Marketing Board, put the case to the Association:

If the Association (he said) had got to work on Government departments earlier we should not be inviting foreigners to visit this country under cover of stamps which could only discourage them from coming here, or stuffing their pockets with coins which could only have the effect of spurring them to go to Dublin.

That is excellently said. Certainly the fascinating coins of the Irish Free State are a good example of what can be done in that way. And, while we are about it, we would direct the attention of the Association to the new memorial to Queen Alexandra outside Marlborough House, for another of their objects is to do away with print that is troublesome to read, and here is an example of lettering which, as we were saying the other day, is not only troublesome, but almost impossible to read, and is therefore ridiculous.

BATH'S BOLD POLICY

Bath is setting us a good example by preparing to spend £25,000 on useful work, and by so doing she is to enable a private scheme costing £80,000 to be carried out.

Drainage and a boulevard, new roads to relieve traffic, technical and domestic science colleges, are to be undertaken, and these projects will help to solve the unemployment problem in this delightful city of the West.

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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER
JANUARY 21 ❀ ❀ 1933

A Great Idea To Be Thinking About

IT was indeed a sign of our times that a group of members of Parliament placed on the Order Paper of the House of Commons just before Parliament rose a motion calling for "a comprehensive plan to provide for the reorganisation of national industry."

What is in the minds of these enterprising politicians appears to be the formation for each great British industry of a Governing Council, so that the industries would be in a sense unified and governed as a whole.

It is a very great idea, and it is, of course, a revival of the old conception of the Trade Guild. In Italy the nation has, in fact, become a Guild State, basing itself on work regarded in its highest sense.

Each Guild includes all the workers in the industry, employers or employed, and the Guild makes itself responsible for the general welfare of the industry and its members. It is thus much more than a trades union. The Guild is a body which cares for its members as human beings, while uniting their best endeavours to make them useful to the State.

There could surely be no better ideal than this of incorporating trades as self-governing units definitely responsible for the relation of trade to national welfare. With this conception accepted, we get rid of what is bad in private enterprise while encouraging enterprise to be socially useful.

It is all for good that men of so many different political persuasions should be thus thinking independently of plans for the future of our country. What seems to emerge from it all is that the idea of planning is at last being accepted; everyone is beginning to think and to say, "Why should we go on without a plan?" We seem to be moving to a future in which no nation and no industry will think it wise to leave things to haphazard effort. Everywhere we shall see men putting their heads together to evolve plans.

Thus we may hope the children of today will grow up in an ordered world in which it will be realised that, by taking thought, very much more can be made of men and of the resources at their disposal.

Of men it is true that their gifts are so great that no aim is too high for their philosophy. Of the natural gifts of the Earth we have to recognise that these demand not merely labour, but labour applied with great knowledge in high endeavour.

There is no Royal Road, but there can be roads made and work done according to plan.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE



John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world

The Neighbours

DOES anyone want to know the meaning of neighbourliness?

The other day we heard of a labourer's wife who has 14 children and has never had to buy a pair of boots for them.

❀

The Flat

WE had called to look at a flat.

"How many rooms has it?" we asked, and almost before the lady of the house had started to reply we realised that here was a Frenchwoman who owned a bit of England.

"Just it is one big room and a little room and a kitchen," she said.

"And bath?" we asked.

"Ah!" said she. "The bath, it must be shared. That is the downfall of the flat."

It was the downfall of our hopes too, but we went away feeling delighted, just by a word; and now we never pass that street without a friendly look toward the poor flat, still empty because of its downfall.

❀

A Wise Man's Fear

IN the letter we print this week from Dr Axel Munthe, giving his money to the Laplanders, he particularly requests that there should be no attempt to force on those people the doubtful blessing of civilisation and the evil eye of obtrusive tourists.

What a reproach it is that this highly cultured man should fear the effect of civilisation on the Laplanders! He fears that the simplicity of these people may be degraded by the cheap luxuries and mechanical amusements now so abundantly supplied in our cities. He fears, not true civilisation, but the trashiness and vulgarity which have become commercial products. He dreads that the senseless speed and noise which distract and degrade our city life may be imported into Lapland in the name of a sham progress.

❀

To a Lost Year

Now you have gone, your best we'll bring to mind
(Always in one-time guests we seek to find
The worthiest things), and we would now forget
The tears you sent us, mastering all regret.

Now you have gone, Old Year, Beauty you brought,
Maybe a little Courage that you taught,
We will recall, since from our Earthly Street
You shook the dust of your departing feet.

And if by chance you now abide yourself
Where Time stores human records on his shelf,
Bid him extend (as we absolve in you
Your old mistakes) a little pardon too.

Marjorie Wilson

Quarrellers in the Front Line

IT is an old idea that those who make the quarrels should do the fighting, but the politicians who call themselves statesmen have long since stopped all that. They prefer that others should do the fighting and be killed.

But it is good to look back into old histories; and we have been looking at a story of the Battle of Hastings which tells us that William the Conqueror had three horses killed under him.

We are sorry for the poor horses, and we wish that no man should be killed; but we like that virtue of the bad old days which put the quarrellers in the front line of the war.

❀

Tip-Cat

SOME London statues are quite amusing, says a visitor. They have their funny side.

⊡

THE beret doesn't suit everyone. Sometimes it is a handicap.

⊡

IN Paris, it is said, artists sell pictures like vegetables. But that is, not what they are meant to be.

⊡

DURING an amateur theatrical performance a portion of the scenery fell on the hero. He brought the house down.

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If a photographer takes a holiday

⊡

JOURNALISM is an avenue toward good posts, says an author. Newspaper columns.

⊡

SOME of our young composers will go a long way, declares a critic. But we are afraid they will come back.

⊡

A MUFF is quickly made, declares a fashion writer. Once you get your hand in.

⊡

TALKING to yourself is a bad habit. But at least you know you aren't boring anyone.

⊡

A LONDON lady grows trees on her roof. How does she make them come up?

⊡

EASY payments are going to be easier still. Provided you have the money to pay them.

⊡

TREBLE voices often break with startling suddenness. Only when they are dropped.

❀

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

A LONDON lady has left two friends £300 to spend on taxis.

THE old Court House at Hawkshead has been given to the National Trust for the use of Boy Scouts.

A METHODIST layman has given £50,000 to foreign missions.

JUST AN IDEA

Perhaps we receive little because we do not trust enough to expect much.

Who Shall Find the Way?

HAPPINESS VILLAGE is hidden and small;
You may travel for mile upon mile,
And you never may come to its little low gate;
You may never step over its stile.

HAPPINESS VILLAGE lies over the hills
(High, clustering range upon range);
And though there are signposts to help by the way,
The names on those signposts are strange.

FOR one says *To Sorrow* and one says *Through Pain*,
And one points *To Service*, and one
Says *Go back for your brother; down Happiness Street*
There's no one may travel alone

Marjorie Wilson

❀

Lift Up Your Hearts

By Our Town Girl

LATELY we have seen two sights which brought a lump to our throat and made us quickly turn away (for it is one of the puzzles of humanity that we are ashamed of tears being seen).

One was a group of men singing. The room in which they were seated about on rough benches was whitewashed. Their shoulders were bent over some booklets of songs brought by someone who had started sing-songs among them. Their faces were serious; their coats were shabby. They were workless and, except for this bare room, homeless. All kinds of cheery songs they sang, and then one made a request. "Let's have Glory to Thee," he said, and these homeless men sang:

Glory to Thee, my God, this night
For all the blessings of the light.

They looked so earnest as they sang, so reverent, yet one knew that their food was scarcely enough, and their evening's rest was to be on a bare floor.

The other sight we saw was of an old couple—a one-legged man and a lame woman—both tiny, frail, and ill. He was turning the handle of an instrument supposed to be musical, and their cracked voices were singing:

So long Thy power has led me, sure it still
Will lead me on——

There seemed little power there; they seemed hardly like being led, these lost wayfarers; yet we would not dare to say that that group of singing men had missed their day's blessing, or that this old derelict couple were not being guided somehow in their stumbling o'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, through the night.

❀

Because you are greedy, you cause competition in the world, you help to contribute to its chaos; because you are passionate, there is cruelty in the world; because you hate and dislike, there are wars; because you cling to your possessions there is nationalism, the barrier of frontiers. J. Krishnamurti

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MARCONI'S FIRST ASSISTANT

UNKNOWN PIONEER OF WIRELESS

The Wonders That Came From a Hotel Sitting-Room

GEORGE STEPHEN KEMP

Another wireless pioneer, unknown to the wider world, has passed on.

The world had scarcely heard of Mr George S. Kemp, who has died at Southampton at 75, but Senatore Marconi and many other famous people knew of the part he played in the development of wireless. He was a man of Kent, born at Queenborough, and was the first Englishman to help Marconi in demonstrating his system before our Post Office officials in 1896. After he left the Navy Mr Kemp became laboratory assistant to Sir William Preece, the famous Post Office engineer who did so much for telegraphy and wireless, and it was Sir William who detailed Mr Kemp to help Marconi with his demonstrations.

Grand Old Man of Wireless

Mr Kemp remained with Marconi and helped him with hundreds of his experiments in the pioneering days, and until his death he was associated with the Marconi company.

Not long ago the C.N. had an interesting talk with this grand old man of wireless, and he spoke with obvious pride of Marconi's triumphs and of the part he had been privileged to play. He told of the experimental station established at The Needles in 1896, and of another that was fitted up in a tiny basement room near Bournemouth Pier. Experimental transmissions took place between these two stations, but it soon became apparent that the position at Bournemouth was unsuitable. So Marconi and his first assistant decided to move their apparatus to the Haven Hotel at Parkstone.

First Atlantic Signals

That was in 1898, and from then until 1913 the Parkstone station was in regular use for experimental purposes, and many of the greatest wireless problems were solved in that small hotel sitting-room. It was not until 1926 that the station was finally dismantled. Mr Kemp had copious notes of the work at the Haven, the station which played so great a part in the development of wireless. It was there that Marconi gathered round him a small band of engineers many of whom grew up with the Marconi Company and became its leading experts.

The experiments at the Haven, carried out in conjunction with the station at The Needles, led directly to the establishment of the Poldhu station at The Lizard, from which the first wireless signals were sent across the Atlantic. Marconi received these signals in Newfoundland in 1901, and Mr Kemp was with him and heard the signals too.

Short-wave Transmission

A great deal of experimental work is now being carried on in short-wave transmission, with waves of only a few centimetres. Mr Kemp told of successful transmissions with these short waves in the very early days of wireless.

He was a great believer in the possibilities of wireless, yet he felt that many people who were considered experts little realised the true nature of the power within man's grasp, and for that reason he sometimes feared for the future.

Now George Stephen Kemp is gone, and he deserves to be remembered as one of the pioneers.

NEXT WEEK'S C.N.

In next week's C.N. will be made an announcement of special interest to all readers. Please make sure of your copy by ordering it now.

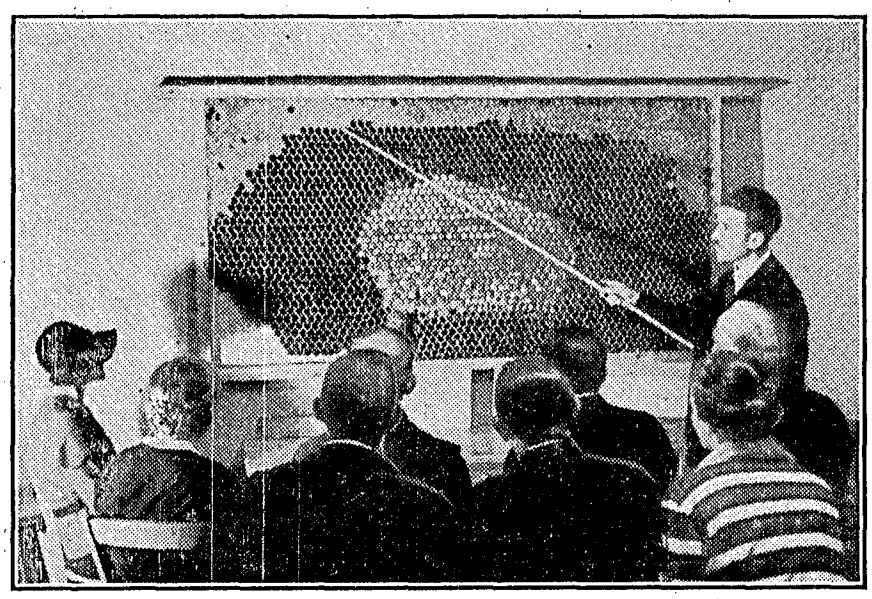
THE BIG HOLE IN THE THAMES

We know that just as the men with the brooms sweep London streets daily, so the dredgers in the Thames daily clear the river-bed of deposits left by the tide, and odds and ends thrown overboard from the thousands of vessels passing to and from the 1700 wharves of the Port. Now comes a story of another kind.

Instead of being scraped bare, a piece of the river-bed has been filled in, a great hole that was beginning to worry the Port engineers. This hole lay a little westward of Tower Bridge, and had grown to about 50 feet wide and 30 feet deep, a fair-sized hole that would take a small concert room. The hole had been there for many years, and is thought to have been caused in the first place by the removal of the foundations and supports of the temporary structure set up while the present bridge was being erected. The Tower Bridge was opened in 1894.

All these years the tide has been playing with this gap in the river-bed until it became a pit so deep as to endanger one of the piers of Tower Bridge. There was nothing to be done but to fill up the hole. First 600 tons of chalk were dropped into it, then 1500 tons of granite slabs, then another covering of chalk. So far the tide has left the new surface alone.

STUDYING THE BUSY BEE



A big representation of a honeycomb



An enlarged model of a queen bee

During the winter many agricultural students in Berlin attend the Institute of Bee Research, where the lectures are illustrated by means of the big models shown in these pictures.

THE STUD THAT WILL NOT BE LOST

We, whose vanishing collar-studs are a constant amazement to us and a source of endless income to comic papers, cannot but pay tribute to the man who has not lost his stud for fifty years.

For there is such a man (though surely only one), and he has been writing about his stud in one of the local papers. He is Mr H. S. Russell of Bathampton in Somerset, but it was London which supplied him with the treasure. He bought it from a street vendor in Cheapside in 1882, and the two have never been parted since.

It is bone, and it cost him a penny, for that is the way of the world. Grovel as we may, the real gold stud refuses to be found; it is the penny bone one that is always to hand. So it is with our favourite coloured handkerchiefs, the most fickle of all our possessions. They vanish in a moment; but it is all we can do to lose the cheap ugly ones that are sent back in their place from the laundry. Kindly strangers go out of their way to pick up and return to us things we are ashamed to be seen with and hoped would lie unnoticed, but no one ever seems to be looking when we drop a diamond necklace or leave our suitcase in the train.

Still, fifty years companionship is not to be lightly discarded, and Mr Russell declares that he would not take half a crown today for his penny bone stud, so that no museums need apply.

IRELAND GOES TO THE POLL

A WHIRLWIND ELECTION

Mr de Valera Seeking Support Against the Senate

THE ISSUES

In removing the political fight from the Parliament House to the polling booths Mr de Valera has made his policy clearer even than it was. He is to have a General Election at once.

His fellow-countrymen probably regard his action in dissolving Parliament in a much more favourable light than we should on this side of the Irish Sea, for Irishmen are controversial as a race, and political questions occupy a far larger part of their lives and interests than they do in England and Scotland and Wales.

Proportional Representation

The election now about to be held is on the Proportional Representation basis, under which the members of the various parties vary less from election to election, obviating the great landslides so prevalent in our English elections.

The reasons given by Mr de Valera for his action are the opposition of the Senate to the measures passed in the Lower House, so holding them up, and the need for a demonstration that he has a majority of his fellow-countrymen behind him in his policy of refusing to keep Ireland's word by paying the Land Annuities and refusing to take the Oath of Allegiance. He also wishes to show that the country is behind him in the high tariffs for which he stands.

The First Blow

Mr de Valera's opponents use a boxing term in stating that his real reason was a resolve to get his blow in first, because the terrible losses of the farmers and large traders were rousing these members of the community to form a stronger political force than before. Mr MacDermott and Mr Dillon are leaders of this group, which is allied in opposition to the Government with Mr Cosgrave, whose main policy is to get back to a peaceful accommodation with England, the best customer Ireland has had and is ever likely to have. It is expected that many people who abstained from voting for Mr Cosgrave in the past because he was one of the rebels in the rising of Easter Week 1916 will vote for him now that he stands for moderate and reasonable and honourable Ireland.

There are 152 seats in the Dail, and there are some 250 candidates, and the election takes place on January 24.

THE WORLD'S NEW OIL SUPPLIES

Russia's Great Wealth

It is well known that the United States is by far the greatest producer of mineral oil in the world, her output being greater than that of all other countries put together.

Thus, to judge by the existing output, the future of the world's oil would seem largely to be the future of American oil, and authorities differ as to how long that will last. Obviously these supplies of naturally distilled oil cannot go on for ever, and some authorities believe the life of the American oil industry is to be measured by a very short span of years.

Now, however, the Russian oil supplies have been so greatly developed that Russia is exporting five times as much oil as in 1913. Drilling is taking place over a large area, and oil is being found in many places. Rich deposits have been discovered in the Urals, Emba, Bashkir Republic, Turkmenistan, Northern Caucasus, Ukhta, in the Volga area, Georgia, Yakutsk, Baikal, Kamchatka, Kazakstan, and in the Crimea.

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PITY THE POOR WARDERS

An Old Offender Speaks

A magistrate in one of our home counties sends us this note, which seems to throw a curious light on life in our prisons.

An old offender was being discharged when the Superintendent remarked: "And I hope you will now run straight after being under rules so long."

"Ho," said the ticket-of-leave man, "it's the warders who are really in prison. They have a worse time in many ways."

On being asked for an explanation the man explained that unless the prisoners were allowed to break the rules as to talking or receiving a little chewing tobacco from time to time they reported the warders for bullying them.

The warder who was complained of was always asked to explain, which meant that he had the trouble of drawing up a report. If that did not have the desired effect another prisoner in the gang would complain of having been bullied by the same warder; and if these continual complaints did not break the warder's spirit at least they had the effect of making the Governor of the prison think there must be something in these continual complaints.

"So in the end," declared the old offender, "we did not have such a bad time after all; but the warders did if they would not give way, for we reported them regularly."

HORSE RACES A PLANE

The 6 h.p. Flying Machine

A new form of sport has come to London. It is aeroplane racing round a track.

In the early days of flying this pastime was quite common, but as the machines developed they became unsuitable for this form of entertainment.

Now a new type of machine has been specially evolved for the purpose. It is really a glider, but is equipped with a six horse-power motor-cycle engine, and the machine is capable of flying at very slow speeds.

A number of these machines are in use at Hanworth Aerodrome, where they race round a track marked with pylons. In order to show how slowly the machines can fly a race was arranged with a horse, and the horse won.

We may be sure that the horse and its rider really tried to win, and that the plane and its pilot did all they could to fly as slowly as possible.

These new machines are permitted to fly only over certain aerodromes, and must not make cross-country flights.

AN EIGHT-HOUR DAY FOR THE PIT PONY

One of the Parliamentary Bills which we hope will be Acts before this New Year is old is Sir Robert Gower's Bill for the protection of animals in mines.

Its purpose is to add to the usefulness of the Coal Mines Act of 1911, which embodied certain rules concerning the treatment of pit ponies. For instance, it is now suggested that there should be one inspector to every 3000 ponies, so that each animal may be examined at least every three months.

Another proposal is that there should be an eight-hour day for these ponies and a kind of pension scheme, the owners being accounted responsible for their welfare when they are no longer able to work in the mines; or, if the ponies are sold, to do their best to see that they go where they will receive proper treatment.

We shall watch the progress of this Bill with interest, and we wish Sir Robert Gower an easy road with it through this difficult Parliament.

More than 8800 L.M.S. employees passed examinations in ambulance work during 1932.

LOUD SPEAKERS IN ST PAUL'S

Wren's Two Designs

It is one of the defects of St Paul's Cathedral that the great dome swallows up the sound of the preacher's voice so that till lately his words could not be heard clearly except in the dome area.

Six loud-speakers have been installed in the choir with satisfactory results; but success has not yet been achieved in other parts of this noble building.

When Sir Christopher Wren made his first design for St Paul's he planned it as a cathedral specially adapted for the preacher, sermons in his century being regarded as an important part of the service. But there was growing up at the time a strong clerical party, with the future King James the Second as its leader, who wished the new cathedral to resemble the old cathedrals of our land, and who therefore opposed Wren's plan for a cathedral not suited to Roman Catholic services.

They had their way. Wren's favourite design was scrapped, and he had to start afresh, with the result that, though he built a cathedral of great exterior beauty, the interior is not so beautiful as the one which he first planned, and of which a model still exists.

We wonder if the first design would have suffered from these acoustic faults.

NO 24-HOUR TIME YET

A Good Idea Held Back

The suggestion has been made again in Parliament that this country should adopt the 24-hour system of clocks.

It was proposed that this method should be adopted by the Post Office and that the railways should be asked to use it in all their time-tables. The Government have declined to take any steps, as they consider the new system would confuse rather than assist people.

So long ago as 1919 a Government Committee considered this question in all its aspects and recommended that the change should be made, but nothing came of it.

The 24-hour system is used more than is generally realised. The Army, the Navy, and the Air Force have adopted it. All our merchant ships and weather stations use it, as all listeners-in know when they hear the B.B.C. gale warnings.

It is only dislike of changing our habits that keeps us from adopting a system which, when known, would save much confusion, and save Time itself: surely the best of all reasons for giving it a public trial.

THE TOWN THE SLUMP FORGOT

It is Zlin in Czecho-Slovakia, where the Bata boot factory flourishes.

It is very pleasant to be assured that factory work, which so many outsiders regard with horror, can be so intelligently planned as at this great manufacturing centre. The midday meal, costing about fourpence, consists of a main dish, possibly veal, served with potatoes and cucumber salad, ending with a slice of excellent cake. Workers are transferred from job to job in order to prevent staleness. Not more than 70 per cent of the average energy of the workers is called upon, in order to avoid strain. They have a band that plays good music in the midday interval.

Mr Hessell Tiltman, who recently paid a visit of inspection to this flourishing place, watched closely the expression and appearance of the workers, and it is his opinion that "they appeared happier for having left the poorly paid and hard labour of the fields of Moravia to become cogs in the wheels which produce Bata boots and shoes for the world."

Last year Croydon Aerodrome was used by 70,162 passengers by air, an increase of over 25,000 on 1931.

STORMY GALILEE

Flying Travellers Driven From the Historic Sea

There are references in the New Testament to tempests on the Sea of Galilee. It was there that Jesus walked on the waters and calmed the frightened fishermen.

Galilee still has a reputation for sudden tempests during the night and early morning, when strong winds will rise suddenly from one quarter and within a few minutes be blowing from the opposite direction.

These gusts have driven the big liners of Imperial Airways from the Galilee district, which was a night stopping-place on the London-India air route.

The practice has been to peg down the liners in the open, but the sudden violent gusts have proved too much for the planes on the ground.

If the winds could be expected from one quarter only the machines could be left in safety, but they could not be tethered afresh to meet each change of direction of the wind.

Flying-boats which alight on the sea can ride out the storms, for they swing at their moorings head-on to the wind.

Owing to the risk of the big land planes being torn from their moorings and damaged in Galilee it has been decided to make Ramleh the port of call for travellers, who will thus miss spending a night by the historic sea.

£500 FOR FIVE MINUTES

The Banner and the Telephones

No one can accuse the people of India of not being keen in the observance of their religious customs.

The sect known as the Jains, who trace back their religion to 600 B.C., have their beautiful temples in most out-of-the-way mountainsides. They have, however, a very interesting temple made of reflecting mirrors in Calcutta.

Every year they organise a procession of witness through the streets, and carry a banner 60 feet high. It is against their principles to lower the banner at any time or place; it must be kept upright the whole time. Recently, on going through the streets of Calcutta, they had to cross a road with telephone and overhead tram wires. They paid the authorities £500 to cut the wires off for five minutes in order that the procession might cross the road and the sacred banner be carried right across in the recognised position.

A NEW ARM FOR THE NAVY?

As a sequel to the salvage work on M2, during which much new and valuable experience was gained, it is probable that a new naval arm will shortly be formed.

This arm will be known as the Salvage Corps, and it will train divers in the light of the new knowledge obtained. It will have a recognised status, and will, it is hoped, repay the Admiralty for the £14,000 spent on the salvage operations.

Altogether some 1500 dives were made to M2. To meet an emergency one diver stayed under the water for nearly six hours, probably a record for deep-sea diving.

Among the experimental apparatus used was a newly-evolved oxy-hydro flame-cutter for under-water use, and on one occasion this exploded when a diver was hoisting it on to the shoulders of another as they were working below on the hull of the submarine.

To Mothers Everywhere

A celluloid toy may cost your child its life. Do not have it in your home

MAKING MONEY FOR OTHER NATIONS

What the Mint is Doing

Though foreign countries have been sending us fewer orders for ships and machinery there has been no lack of orders for one of our newest exporting industries, coinage for foreign countries.

It was only ten years ago that the Mint decided to undertake the making of coins for foreign nations, but in 1931 it made over 41,000,000 coins for Rumania, Yugo-Slavia, Latvia, and Albania in Europe and for Guatemala in Central America. As the total number of British coins minted that year was 90,000,000, the venture has met with success.

The Controller of the Mint has taken the advice of the Prince of Wales and has visited many Central and South American States asking for orders, and he tells us in his annual report that he hopes that some will materialise.

He tells us, too, that he estimates that as many as seven million golden sovereigns and an equal value of gold ornaments and trinkets left England in the hard days of the winter of 1931, and he laments the departure from our pockets of the gold coin impressed with the picture of St George slaying the Dragon, a masterpiece of art of which any nation might be proud, and one of the all too rare good coins the Mint has given us. We wish it would improve our sixpences.

THE LITTLE RED BOX IN GLASGOW

A Chance For London

Visitors to Glasgow may have been puzzled recently by a notice in the trams, saying:

October was a record month for the Little Red Box.—Thank you.

But we in London would say Thank you for a Little Red Box where we could put our penny fares when we want to get off and have not yet met a busy conductor, probably struggling with the fares upstairs.

It is sometimes very embarrassing to have to slip a penny into the hand of a surprised business man or a typist engrossed in a novel; and it always takes a little time to explain that the penny is not for them, but for the conductor when he comes down.

How much better to have Little Red Boxes, as Glasgow has, and so prove that people do not really enjoy the sport of slipping off trams without paying their fares! We have the Glasgow Tramway people's assurance that, on an average, over £20 is collected in this way each week.

THE PEACE GAME

Among the new games introduced during the holidays is the Peace Game, invented by a lady in order to display the work of the League of Nations.

It is played on a board with counters and dice, and consists of a visit to Geneva. A visit is paid to the Secretary-General, with a glimpse of the Treaty of Locarno, and the Council Room with the famous Horse Shoe Table. In the course of the game the players are introduced to the journalists of the world seated in the Glass Building.

A picture is given of the Disarmament Petitions, one of Mr A. Henderson in the Disarmament Hall; and there is a view of the International Labour Office. Finally the game ends up at the new League Buildings. Many of the obstacles to peace are encountered, and amusing episodes occur.

The photographs in the game are authentic reproductions and give a vivid representation of the great work the League of Nations is now engaged in carrying on at Geneva.

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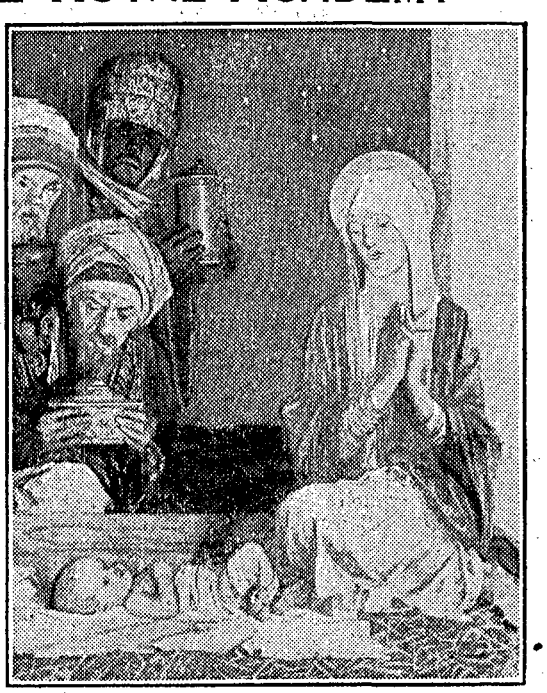
PICTURES FROM THE WINTER EXHIBITION AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY



A Portrait Group, by G. W. Lambert, A.R.A.



Lamia, a beautiful sculpture by Sir George Frampton, R.A.



The Offerings, by Maurice Greiffenhagen, R.A.



Mrs Jeudwine and her son Wynne, by Charles Sims, R.A.



Mrs C. S. Carstairs, by Sir William Orpen, R.A.



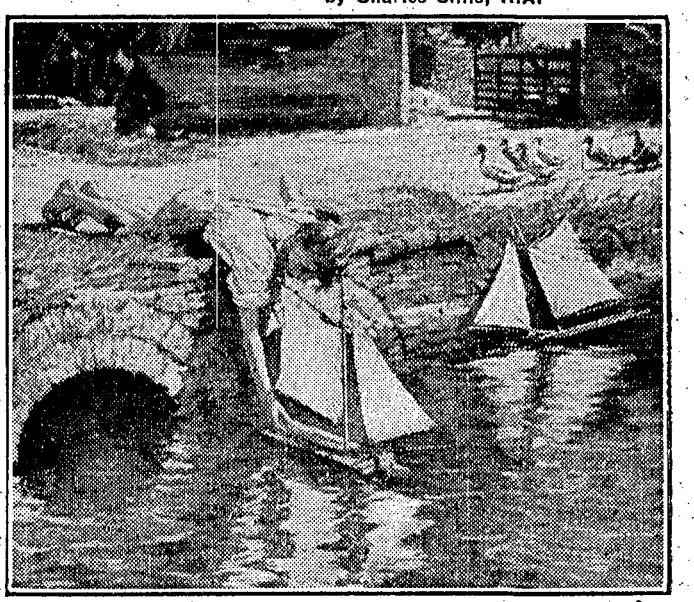
The Countess of Rocksavage and her son, by Charles Sims, R.A.



The Mirror, by Sir Frank Dicksee, P.R.A.



A self-portrait by Sir William Orpen, R.A.



The Farm Pond, by H. H. La Thangue, R.A.

This year's winter exhibition at Burlington House commemorates the work of members of the Royal Academy who have died in recent years. It is notable for the large number of beautiful pictures by Sir William Orpen, one of the greatest painters of our time. We give here reproductions of a few of the works exhibited.

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MAKING MUSEUMS INTERESTING

FILMS AND PEEPSHOWS

Two Girls Who Built Up a Fine Collection

MUSEUM THAT STARTED IN A PLAYROOM

The C.N. believes that all museums should be interesting to children.

In a copy of the Museums Journal which has lately come to hand it is cheering to notice the growing movement for making museums more attractive to boys and girls.

America has led the way and shown the great value of public collections as a help in school work. At the Brooklyn Children's Museum the taste for learning is so much encouraged by the museum's method of teaching that there has been a great increase of attendances.

Learning the Secrets

Boys and girls are allowed to do things themselves. There are clubs and classes for weaving, metal work, linoleum block printing, soap sculpture, and so on; often a hundred young workers may be seen at a time learning the secrets of how the beautiful exhibits around them were made when the world was young.

In some American museums children are so eager to attend lectures and classes that sometimes many have to be turned away or overflow meetings have to be arranged for them. They are encouraged to make collections of fossils and minerals, and there is a special game they are allowed to play with specimens in the museum. Two days a week there are art talks for children. Sometimes films are shown.

During the last six years a lady curator at the Newbury Museum has been giving delightful lessons on prehistoric man illustrated by objects found in the district. Her stories, which are not strictly historical but are built up on probability, begin with Once upon a time.

The First Sowing of Corn

People come into them, and the children listen entranced to the story of hunger and the first sowing of corn, to the tale of the first pot, a basket lined with clay and burned accidentally, and of the first flint implements. They are told the story of the Hallstadt brooch to show that all common things such as safety-pins have had their beginnings. The uses of metals are made especially interesting because the Newbury Museum has a fine collection of needles and thimbles.

For the last nine years the Children's Gallery at Bethnal Green Museum has been a very popular place. Mr Sabin, the curator, would like to start a museum entirely for children. His ideal of one would grow round the telling of a story in a beautiful room. Next door to it would be shown models, figures, and costumes concerning the place, time, and people of the story.

Origin of the Teacup

One of these fascinating tales would be the Story of the Potter. The children would be told how there were no teacups and saucers 250 years ago, and no perambulators 80 years ago.

All the same, the origin of the teacup dates back to the dim past. In a book by E. J. Forsdyke on Minoan art, which has lately been published, there is a picture of a cup made before Abraham was born. It has the same shape as the teacup of today, and there is very little difference in the way it is decorated.

Several delightful peepshows for children have been made at the Horsfall Museum, Manchester, giving vivid pictures of life in olden times.

We must not forget to mention something that is a Children's Museum

NEW ZEALAND LOSES ITS HEART

An Open Love Letter To the Governor-General

We take this extract from the letter of a New Zealand reader, for we are glad of the opportunity of saying in print what New Zealand is thinking in private of its Governor-General and his wife.

We have had some wonderful Governors-General here, but all classes agree that never, never have we had such a Governor-General as Lord Bledisloe.

What is the secret of this? In my opinion it is just simply that he and Lady Bledisloe have always been *themselves*, never posing, never striving for effect; yet no one would dream of according them less than is due in their viceregal position.

The Things That Matter

Lord and Lady Bledisloe, by their genuine interest, have set on its feet again many a venture started chiefly in faith by people who had eyes and hearts for the things that really make a nation great, but which was slipping into the background owing to our national way (or failing) of giving greater prominence to sport than anything else. They are not doing this as some who always attach themselves to lost causes, but because these things are to them just the things that matter; and there lies the secret of the love they have gained everywhere.

When his Excellency speaks he is paid the compliment of seeing every eye and ear fixed attentively so that not a word may be lost. No speech is ever long enough to satisfy the majority of his listeners, especially those exiles to whom his beautiful English is as water to a parched traveller.

A Note on Pronunciation

Concerning speech, I must tell you that a great deal of discussion gathered round the pronunciation of our new Carillon, and several times I heard: "Well, we will soon know when Lord Bledisloe opens it." Actually the word was used by three persons who addressed the audience, but only Lord Bledisloe's pronunciation was taken note of as correct for future use.

The Governor-General's fearlessness in speaking out, sometimes to the discomfiture of hitherto very self-satisfied listeners, gains him more real admirers among those who have for a moment seen themselves through someone else's clear but kindly humorous eyes than a man would gain who craftily played up to his audience.

In a private home I heard a toast the other day: "Lord Bledisloe, God bless him; Lady Bledisloe, God bless her."

Continued from the previous column

in a very real sense. Some years ago two girls, Gladys and Kate Chambers, whose home is a bungalow at Sidmouth, built by their father in a Nature sanctuary of 22 acres, started a museum in a corner of their playroom. Soon it was overflowing with treasures, so they moved it into a barn; and then, five years ago, into a building of its own.

The two girls collected many of the specimens themselves, most of them being dug up on the site of an ancient double stone circle which they discovered. But they have also received gifts and exchanged treasures with the British Museum and countries such as Australia and the United States. Parties of schoolchildren and Guides and Scouts come to listen to lectures given by the girls on prehistoric life in our Little Treasure Island.

AN ARTIST'S 1200 BIRDS

PAINTED FROM LIFE

One Man's Forty Years of Faithful Work is Ended

A BOY'S DREAM FULFILLED

Rex Brasher, an American painter of birds, has just finished a stupendous task which has taken 40 years.

It was through a chance remark of his father half a century ago that the idea first came to him as they were tramping through the woods. His father, whose knowledge of birds was as great as his love of them, criticised the famous Audubon pictures of birds, and Rex declared that when he grew up he would paint a better set.

When his father died Rex had to leave school and earn his living.

For a time he learned how to stuff birds and animals, and he worked as an engraver. It was then that he picked up a little knowledge of painting.

His Heart's Desire

Not until he was 23 did the way seem clear for accomplishing his heart's desire, and then in his spare time he started "catching birds on paper" in their natural surroundings. All his pictures were from life. "You would not paint a portrait of a human being from a stuffed figure," he often said. In birds he saw as much individuality as in humans—in fact, for him each one had a distinct personality. Always his aims were accuracy of expression, colour, position, and surroundings. Twice he burned every drawing and started all over again, for with so many years of practice his talent developed and he felt he could do better. This meant that he had to roam in the country again in search of his wild models.

But the paintings did not bring him money, and he had to earn his bread by painting barns and houses. Later he made money by illustrating magazines.

As the years went on and he became a celebrity, scientists, biologists, artists, and thousands of other folk made pilgrimages to the humble farm which he had at last been able to buy out of his savings. He is known as one of the most realistic of bird painters. Some consider him to be the equal of Audubon, while others say he is even better. Posterity may yet give the verdict that he accomplished the resolve he made as a boy of ten.

The Hardest Jolt

Countless were his difficulties, for at any moment his bird models were likely to take to their wings and fly out of sight; but at last he had painted every North American bird. One thousand two hundred species are shown in the 900 pictures he has finished. He would not sell any of these separately, and it is said that he refused a thousand pounds which were offered for them by Yale University.

About four years ago, when he had finished the originals, he started to colour by hand, with the same meticulous care, every one of the 90,000 reproductions of the plates needed for the printed edition of a hundred copies.

When the last stroke had been made and he had put the brushes aside he said: "The hardest jolt was when I found I was through."

He had almost buried himself in the country in Connecticut to complete his work, and he must have felt something of a Rip Van Winkle the other day when he went to town for the first time for 15 years.

Last Month's Weather

LONDON		RAINFALL	
Sunshine	49 hours	Falmouth	4·44 ins.
Rainfall	0·39 inch	Aberdeen	1·41 ins.
Days with rain	8	Liverpool	1·29 ins.
Dry days	23	Southampton	1·22 ins.
Warmest days	18th-19th	Tynemouth	0·59 ins.
Coldest day	11th	Gorleston	0·47 ins.

A REAL HOME FROM HOME

FOR THE CHILD OFFENDER

A Radiant Personality in One of London's Happy Rooms

THE PROBATION OFFICER

"How many dolls have you?" asked the rich little girl of the new little friend who had come to play with her. "Only three? Why, I've got sixty!"

When a friend of the C.N. was making inquiries the other day about work done for London boys and girls through the Children's Courts this little memory of childhood came back to her.

Slum children who have few or no toys have far greater temptations than their rich little brothers and sisters who are almost overburdened with expensive playthings. And numbers of them do not have a fair chance of learning the difference between right and wrong.

Good Influences at Work

So many of their fathers can think of nothing but the troubles brought about by unemployment, and their mothers, who must go out charring or take in washing to keep the home fires burning, have not the time to bring them up in the way they should go.

But among the neglected children of London there are good influences at work. Attached to each of the eight Children's Courts, of which there are four on each side of the river, there is a friendly room, always well away from the Court and having no associations with law and crime, where the child offenders can come and see the Probation Officer.

Creating Healthy Interests

They call her "the lady who is going to keep us good," and they love to knock at the door and come to talk to her. Often they bring their younger brothers and sisters with them, telling them they are to learn how to be good; and this is exactly what the Probation Officer wants, for here is a fine chance for her to do preventive work.

These little rooms have been well described as happy rooms.

In the one our correspondent visited in the Blackfriars Road the walls are covered with bright pictures, and there is a little library where the children may borrow well-chosen books which create healthy interests.

But the chief attraction for these young visitors is the radiant personality of the Probation Officer, who is a veritable children's friend and knows how to get the best out of each one of them.

She and her fellow-officers, who are appointed by the Home Office and not by the L.C.C., have special days for calling at the homes of the children, for they consider regular home visiting the keynote of probation work.

Importance of Home Life

Home is the best place for the child offender whenever possible, so says this friend of the children, who does all she can to create in the homes she visits an atmosphere of unselfishness and give-and-take. She tries to make the children's evenings well occupied. One small boy offender used to go home at about midnight after wandering the streets for hours after school was over. No wonder he got into mischief.

So important is home life that it is only when it is hopeless that a child offender is sent away to an institute.

Of the National Children's Homes the Probation Officers cannot speak too highly. There has hardly ever been a case of a child offender who has gone back to crime after passing through one of these institutes. The Farnborough branch is a good example, for here there are several houses, and the children are as proud of this home as if it were Eton or Mill Hill.

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THE GREAT WORLD OF URANUS

Giant Planet That Looks Like a Little Green Star

WHERE TO FIND IT

By the C.N. Astronomer

That strange far-off world of Uranus is still present in the south-west sky and well placed for identification.

It is as usual very faint and only just perceptible to good sight on the clearest and darkest of starlit nights.

Through field or even opera-glasses Uranus will be readily seen, and with the help of our star-map should be easily found. First locate the bright star Hamel, which is some way to the right of the well-known Pleiades star-cluster. This is high up and almost due south about 7 o'clock in the evening. Hamel, together with Beta and Gamma in the constellation of Aries (the Ram), form a figure easily recognised.



How to find Uranus

Now if an imaginary line be continued in a south-west direction from Hamel through Beta, for about four times the distance that Hamel is from Beta, two small stars will be seen where indicated. They are Zeta and Epsilon in Pisces.

If Zeta, the fainter of the two, be examined with the glasses it will be found to be composed of apparently three stars forming a triangle. The upper of the two fainter ones which are on the left is not really a star but the great world Uranus, 64 times the size of the Earth, appearing so small because it is 1830 million miles away. Were Uranus as near as our Moon it would appear as a great sphere, about 15 times the width, and occupy a space as wide as that between Hamel and Beta in Aries.

Seen with the naked eye Zeta and Uranus may appear as one small star, for they are at present only three minutes of arc apart. This represents about a tenth of the apparent width of the Full Moon, and it will require very sharp sight to separate them. Through the glasses they will be clear and distinct.

During the next few weeks, when Uranus will be above the horizon some time after sunset, it may be seen to draw away from the star, thus proving, as it did to Sir William Herschel (who discovered Uranus at Bath in 1781), that it is a world and not a fixed star.

No Fixed Stars

Stars are not fixed, of course, for they are travelling at tremendous speeds, but so very far away are they that their motions are not apparent in a lifetime except through powerful telescopes.

They were erroneously called fixed stars before they were known to have what are called proper motions of their own, and as they appear fixed to the naked eye from year to year the title fixed has remained to distinguish them from what appear to be the non-fixed "stars." These are the planets, or wanderers, which are not stars at all, but worlds, more or less like our own.

The wandering away of Uranus from Zeta will be quite obvious, as Zeta will remain in the same relative position to the stars round about, while Uranus will not. It is, nevertheless, probable that Zeta, which is an immense sun much larger than ours, is travelling faster than Uranus; but when we consider that, whereas the reflected sunlight from Uranus takes, at present, about 2 hours 40 minutes to reach us, and that the light from the fiery surface of Zeta has taken 148 *years* to reach us, travelling at the same speed, it becomes obvious how very close the great world of Uranus is to us by comparison.

G. F. M.

THE ZOO IN 1932

A MILLION AND A HALF VISITORS

Magnificent New Gorilla House For Mok and Moina

WITH A FOUNTAIN AND REVOLVING ROOF

By Our Zoo Correspondent

Last year was not a very favourable year for the Zoo.

In the twelve months there were remarkably few new specimens, the sole arrivals of outstanding interest being the gorillas Mok and Moina; and although births were plentiful the birth-rate was not unusually high, and only a small percentage of the baby animals had any claim to importance either of a personal or zoological nature.

The year also witnessed the death of many favourites, among them Rajah and Ranee, the famous tame tiger and tigress; Snowball, the snow leopard; the two baby walruses; and Felix the cheetah.

Income Reduced

From the financial point of view 1932 was far from good. Only 1,540,000 people visited the Gardens, compared with 1,816,000 in 1931; and as 1931 was itself a bad year financially this means a total reduction of income of £30,000 in two years.

Whipsnade had about half a million visitors in the course of the year.

Rigid economy is therefore to be carried out. But this will not interfere with the plan to provide Mok and Moina with a new home. As these two gorillas have proved a great attraction they are expected to help toward retrieving the Zoo's loss of income.

The new gorilla house, which is to be ready by Easter, is an original and up-to-date residence. Circular in shape, it is divided by sliding glass panels into two equal sections, and as one of these sections is to have a revolving roof and movable walls it will be possible to alter the external appearance of the house in a few minutes by means of an easily-worked device. This section is the gorillas' open-air den, and in summer the glass screens separating the indoor and outdoor apartments will be opened so that the apes can go in and out as they wish. On bad winter days the glass screens will be closed, the roof and walls will make their appearance and form an additional covered space for visitors, from which Mok and Moina will be seen through glass.

An Elaborate Apartment

The indoor apartment is equally elaborate, for the exhibition den is to have communicating sleeping and feeding dens, and, in addition to the arrangements for regulating the temperature and destroying germs, special attention has been given to lighting and decoration.

But what Mok and Moina will appreciate most is the arrangement made for their supply of drinking and bathing water, for they will have a little bubbling fountain which they can manipulate themselves by means of a press-button.

WHO WAS HOFMAN?

Born, Giessen, April 8, 1818.
Died, Berlin, May 5, 1892.

August Wilhelm von Hofman was one of the greatest chemists of the last century. As a young man he was appointed first director of the Royal College of Chemistry in London. He was brilliantly successful. All the future great chemists of his day came under Hofman's influence. It was by one of his pupils that the aniline dyes were discovered. In spite of all his success, his efforts met with no reward in England. Englishmen did not believe in science in commerce. He, therefore, returned to Germany, and gave his native country the secret of the great coal-tar industry which has been productive of incalculable wealth to her.

L.N.P.

NUMBERING OUR PEACE ARMY

The C.N. and the Pioneers in a Government Report

A GOOD START FOR 1933

1280 branches—34,000 members

At the end of last year there were 1280 Branches of League of Nations Pioneers, while over 34,000 boys and girls had joined and were waiting for branches to be formed in their schools or districts.

We are a rapidly-swelling Peace Army and a power in the world. No wonder that the Board of Education has chosen this moment to publish a report on the League of Nations and the Schools, a report which makes proud reading for us all.

It tells of the striking tableaux, pageants, and plays dealing with the League of Nations and performed by children all over the country and of the tremendous increase in international correspondence during the last few years, there being as many as two hundred correspondents in a single school, while fifty or sixty is quite a usual number.

Boys and Girls at Geneva

The Report goes on to describe how numerous Pioneers attend the Junior Summer School at Geneva. Boys and girls from 55 schools spent ten days there last year and examined for themselves the organisation and work of the League. It also mentions the many schools which organise tours abroad, such as the six Senior Schools which recently sent a hundred children round Germany with their masters and inspectors. Those at home learn much about other countries from broadcast talks or special kinema pictures.

The C.N. has its place in this Board of Education Report, which tells of the thousands of our readers who have become Pioneers. They join up from every corner of the world. Only the other day a black boy wrote from Nigeria to say that he had started a branch of the Pioneers at the Government School at Awka, Enugu. The C.N., he says, goes into nearly every school in Nigeria, so we hope to hear of yet more Pioneers from there soon.

From the schoolchildren of New South Wales a letter has been sent to their schoolfellows in Scotland forwarding their good wishes and saying that they, too, are always determined "to think and speak and work for peace."

New Coloured Poster

Pioneers who would like a poster to display can now get a very fine coloured one for 6d from headquarters. It has been designed by F. H. Baines of the Manchester School of Art to illustrate the practical work of the League.

And those members who would like to borrow books can get them, with only the postage to pay, from the League of Nations Union Library at 15, Grosvenor Crescent, which is said to be the finest library of its kind in Europe with the exception of Geneva's. The children's section, which is growing rapidly, has some two hundred books on the League and world friendship in English and French, while there are any number of magazines from all countries. Plays and pageants suitable for schools can also be borrowed here.

How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed: **L.N.P., 15, Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1**

No L.N.P. letters to be sent to the C.N. office.


The L.N.P. Badge

Each application should enclose sixpence for card and badge, with your full name, age, birthday, and school.



Your children's beverage

THE daily beverage for all children should be delicious "Ovaltine." They need the energy-creating nourishment it contains to make good the energy they are so prodigal in spending. They need the rich store of building material it supplies to ensure sturdy growth and to give them healthy bodies and sound nerves.

The cold and damp of the winter months lower the children's vitality and reduce the natural powers of resistance to infection. There is nothing to equal "Ovaltine" for giving them strength and vigour to resist winter ailments.

The ingredients from which "Ovaltine" is made—malt extract, creamy milk and new-laid eggs—are the best obtainable. Unlike other food beverages, "Ovaltine" does not contain household sugar to cheapen the cost, nor does it contain a large percentage of cocoa.

There is only one "Ovaltine." Reject cheap imitations.

OVALTINE
TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE
Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland 1/1, 1/10 and 3/3 per tin.

P779

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Smiles for breakfast



JACKIE is generally first, but then he's got longer legs, says Joan. He likes his Puffed Wheat, and is always eager to begin. There's a big plate this morning to be polished off, but watch Jackie do it.

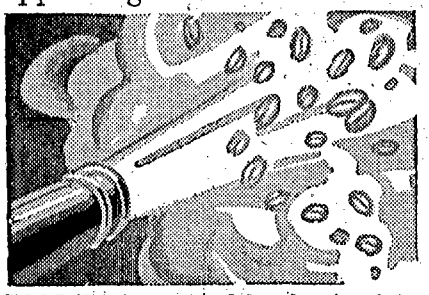


JOAN tells Jackie he should like Puffed Rice best, so that there is more Puffed Wheat for her. Jackie replies that he "likes 'em both." Sentiments which Mother approves, for there is nothing nicer, nothing more nourishing.

* * * *

Puffed grains are so 'different.' They have a delicious crunchiness like no other cereal. 'Puffing' makes them so completely digestible, equal in nourishment value to a hot cooked cereal.

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THE POST OFFICE TELEPHONE IS 21

Wonders That Have Become Possible

THE MOST INTERNATIONAL DEVICE

The Post Office Telephones are 21 this month. It is 21 years since the nation took over the telephones from a private company.

The number of telephones has trebled since then, and the Postmaster-General has been speaking of the wonderful development that has taken place. This is what Sir Kingsley Wood said at the Birmingham Telephone Exhibition.

We were living in a wonderful and marvellous time, when one great discovery quickly followed another. He was not prepared to credit the suggestion that for the most part modern inventions meant the end of the happiness of mankind.

A generation ago young people thought a lot about the story of Aladdin's Cave, but all Aladdin had at his service was a smoky lamp. Today the smallest child in the centre of Birmingham had more wonders at his command than Aladdin ever dreamed of. All he had to do was to lift the receiver of the modern telephone and he could speak and listen to Canada, the United States, South America, Australia, New Zealand, and even ships at sea.

Romance That is Now Reality

Round the world in 80 days was a dream a few years ago: Puck's girdle round the Earth was now a reality.

There were, of course, critics of the telephone and actually people who disliked it; and so there were people who in their day stood aghast at the first railway train and the first motor-car.

There were Rip Van Winkles in every age, and there were old people today who, it was sad to note, were peevish about that most marvellous robot of the age—the automatic telephone, and others who despised the mysteries of Buttons A and B.

Twenty-one years ago it was a national service; now it was an international service, and a British telephone subscriber could speak to 95 per cent of the telephone subscribers of the world.

STEAMSHIPS WITHOUT FUNNELS

We have seen the beginning of the passing away of funnels at sea, but are we to see steamships without funnels?

A new method of recovering waste heat from the gases given off by the furnaces makes this a possibility. Besides the heat that can be felt there is a good deal of latent heat in the gases, and the heat can be extracted by washing the gases in water. After they have passed through this process the gases are cooled and cleaned, and there is nothing against discharging them through the sides of the ship. Thus there is no need for funnels, nor for the great shafts leading to them through the centre of the ship from the furnaces, and so there becomes available a good deal of extra floor-space.

BY RAIL AND AIR

The railways and Imperial Airways are to be congratulated on the new rail-and-air service which has just started.

It means that goods will be accepted at railway stations for consignment to places abroad served by the machines of Imperial Airways. Goods to be dispatched are sent by the first available passenger train to London, where they are promptly collected and taken to the Croydon airport, to leave by the next plane. Thus traders will be able to send urgent samples and goods to distant parts with a minimum of delay.

GUSTAVE EIFFEL'S GREAT TOWER

Its New Coat Weighs 38 Tons

From Our Paris Correspondent

The Eiffel Tower, that tall and slender structure by which so many visitors remember Paris, has been putting on weight.

To be exact, it gained 38 tons last year, for this is the weight of the paint added to the original 7,700,000 tons of metal making up the tower.

When Gustave Eiffel built this strange structure in 1889 it cost him fivepence a pound, but the fame of the curiosity spread so fast and so far that he recovered the cost of construction in six months.

The police had trouble in those years with boys of eight and nine found exhausted and penniless beneath the hedgerows, having set out from their village homes with a crust of bread and the firm intention of walking to Paris to see Le Tour Eiffel.

In the past 40 years people have become more accustomed to the structural marvels which steel has made possible, but they still flock to the Eiffel Tower when they visit Paris. The view from the top is superb. About 650,000 persons visit it every year.

Like the other buildings of Paris, it is required by the regulations to be repainted once every seven years.

A BRAVE WOMAN OF THE WAR

Irish Hero of Serbia

An unknown hero of the war has passed on. She was one of the Irish heroes of the country in which the Great War started.

Miss A. MacGlade, an Irishwoman, who has lately died at Belgrade, risked her life not once but many times in serving the desperate needs of victims of the war, but part of the stuff of which heroes are made is a dislike of self-advertisement, and few people have heard of her brave deeds.

At the beginning of the war she was working in Antwerp. After the fall of that city she went to Serbia, which was swept by pestilence. She was with the Serbian army during the terrible retreat when the country was invaded by 600,000 soldiers, and she moved her hospital right across Albania. It is said that she saved the lives of thousands.

Afterwards she founded a hospital near the Salonika front, and later worked at a canteen. She thought it all in the day's work to go up to the front line and hand out food and clothes under shell fire.

60,000 MILES ON HIS HORSE

A New Zealander and His Mail

In 34 years a back-country settler in New Zealand has ridden over 60,000 miles on horseback to get his mail.

Twice weekly he has ridden from his bush farm in the Whangamomona district to the nearest post office, nine miles there and nine miles back.

That makes 36 miles a week, 1872 miles a year, and 61,268 miles in 34 years. The distance round the Earth at the Equator is about 25,000 miles, so this settler has ridden more than twice the distance round the world.

Let us hope he always found plenty of interesting letters and newspapers awaiting him at the end of his rides.

Those readers of the C.N. who live in towns and have their letters delivered by the postman may perhaps wish they could change places with this New Zealand farmer, and ride a horse through the Bush to fetch the mail.

CEDAR LASTING 30 CENTURIES

IN SOLOMON'S TEMPLE AND ON THE NILE

Discoveries About Trees Growing Under The Flag

EGYPTIAN SHRINES AND ENGLISH BATS

The cedar wood so frequently mentioned in the Bible, and so freely used by Solomon for his Temple, is now known to have been one of the materials used in Tutankhamen's tomb.

The clever investigators of the Imperial Forestry Institute at Oxford have established this fact for us, and have told us in their annual report how they made their tests.

It is amazing that wood should exist for thirty centuries without dissolving into dust, but the explanation is that all this time it has remained absolutely dry, not a bead of moisture having reached it.

A Discovery in Kenya

Another of the woods used for the shrines proved to be of the zizyphus tree, which does not grow in Egypt but in the regions of the Upper Nile, and so we know that the Egyptians traded in that direction as well as across Suez into Palestine.

The main work of the Institute is its research into the diseases of trees and its compiling of catalogues of trees growing in our colonies. The lists for Rhodesia, Ceylon, and Nigeria are now completed, Nigeria having over 1000 species. During the year a new genus of tree has been discovered in Kenya.

The value of the Institute's work for commerce and industry can perhaps be best realised from that part of the report dealing with the selection of the willow-trees most suitable for cricket bats. Growers have planted willow trees, but when they have cut them down and offered them for sale to the bat manufacturers the wood has proved too heavy. Many varieties of the willow are quite unsuitable, and the task of the specialist is to establish means of identifying suitable trees in the nursery stage of their growth.

FOUR HOLES AND WHAT WILL COME OF THEM

Something For 2036

The hideous war-tank has been removed from its dominant position on the site of the new London University, and the first four holes have been dug for the foundations of the new buildings in Bloomsbury.

Over ten acres have been waiting vacant for the builders behind the British Museum, and these four holes mark the corners of the Senate House and administrative buildings which are to rise on a third of this area. Behind will be the Great Hall, toward the construction of which the City of London is giving £10,000 for ten years.

The new buildings will absorb British Museum Avenue and part of Keppel Street, a magnificent central tower rising over the spot where these streets crossed. These buildings are estimated to cost £3,000,000, and it is hoped that they will be ready for occupation in 1936, the centenary year of the university.

Among the curious exhibits at the Bicentenary Exhibition, which they will hold in 2036, will be the series of films which are being taken of the building, the first shots having been made when those holes were dug the other day.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Audubon **Aw**-du-bon
Giessen **Gees**-sen
Melilla May-**lil**-yah
Tetuan Tet-oo-**ahn**

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THE OILFIELDS OF IRAQ

Laying the Pipe-Line To the Mediterranean

HOW THE AEROPLANE IS HELPING

From four points in Syria, Transjordania, and Iraq great steel serpents are stretching out across the country.

They are sections of the oil pipe-line which is to bring oil from the wells near Kirkuk to the Mediterranean coast at Haifa and Tripolis.

At present 6000 men are engaged, and before many months have gone by the number will have increased to 20,000.

From Kirkuk the pipe-line will run to Fatha on the Tigris, and from there on to Haditha on the Euphrates. Both these sections are now under construction, the gangs working westward.

From Haditha the line is to fork, one section crossing Syria to Tripolis and the other striking south-west to Mafrak before turning north-west and crossing Palestine to its terminus at Haifa. From Mafrak and Tripolis other workers are at work, making eastward.

There will be 1200 miles of pipe-line in all, to be laid across hundreds of miles of desert and rocky plain, as well as across cultivated areas.

A Great Trenching Machine

Huge 10-wheel lorries make their way along the track the line is to take, carrying 10 tons of steel pipes on each journey and returning for more.

Workers prepare a trench in which the pipe-line is to be buried, while others are engaged in welding five or six sections of the pipe together before they are lifted by huge mobile cranes into the trench.

At one place there is in operation a great machine which digs each hour one mile of trench three feet deep.

Each day takes the workers farther away from their bases, until one day the men working from Mafrak will meet the men from Fatha and the Tripolis men will meet those from Kirkuk, when the line will be almost complete.

Field telephones keep the bases in touch with the workmen, and the local field managers are using aeroplanes to superintend the movements of the fleets of motors carrying materials and food, and so on.

EUROPE'S FASTEST RAILWAYS

To the Great Western Railway belongs the honour of having the fastest daily train in the world, the Cheltenham Flyer; but, generally, the L.M.S. appears now to be the fastest line in Europe.

Figures have been prepared which show the daily mileage covered by trains travelling at 55 miles an hour or more, on various railway lines in Europe, and pride of place goes to the L.M.S. with 7899 miles. Next comes the French Nord Railway with 5810 miles; the G.W.R. is third with 5642; the French Est line is next with 5194, to be followed by the L.N.E.R. with 3909 and the German railways with 2076 miles.

These figures show that British railways occupy first, third, and fifth places; so that, regarded as a whole, they may justly claim to be the fastest in Europe, if not in the world.

444 LIGHTS

In Washington the other day, where a Committee of Congress was sitting in a hall lighted by 460 lamps, a Democrat named Pattengill, from Indiana, got up from his seat, went to the switchboard, and switched off 444 lights, saying, "There is not a single Deputy here who would leave all those lights up—if he had to pay for them."

HARD TIMES IN NEWFOUNDLAND

No Money in the Treasury

Newfoundland, the oldest of our Dominions, has been hit so hard by the world depression that when the time came the other day to pay the interest on loans made her by people abroad there was not the money for it.

Canada and the Motherland came to her aid and their Governments lent her the few hundred thousand pounds she needed. On her part Newfoundland agreed to the appointment of a Commission of three members, one from each country, who will organise plans to stabilise her finances.

Readers of the C.N. will remember that an official from the British Treasury went at her request to investigate Newfoundland's finances last year, and many savings were thus effected.

With her important fisheries, in which nearly a quarter of her 270,000 people are engaged, and her valuable timber and mineral resources, the Dominion will quickly recover her old prosperity as soon as the world itself begins to move.

AN ENGLISH LADY'S PARADISE

An Island Copies a Garden

Soon the birds on their way back to us from the north coast of Africa will be finding out for themselves that Capri is now a sanctuary for them all.

This island in the Bay of Naples is a most convenient resting-place on their long flight. We only wish it were possible to put out some huge signal to show them that here is safe landing, and no longer a vast trap for tired wings.

Axel Munthe and Signor Mussolini between them have turned Capri into a haven for the little birds, but it pleased us very much to learn from a letter in The Times that for years a tiny bit of the island, besides Axel Munthe's property there, has been safe for birds. It is the garden of an English lady, who saw that food and water were always ready for the little migrants; and we hear that many a bird, on finding this paradise, changed its mind and decided to fly no farther.

What a happy spring it will be for this English lady whose small paradise has spread over the whole island!

WHAT CAUSES A FOG?

From The Children's Encyclopedia

People are very careless in their use of the word fog. There is a kind of fog which is only a dense mist, and it is really the same as a cloud, only near the Earth. Fogs are, of course, very common at sea, for the obvious reason that they are made of water, and there is plenty of water there to make them of. Such fogs are perfectly clean, and probably do not injure our bodies at all. The real danger about them is that at sea they may prevent ships from seeing one another.

But the kind of fog we have in cities is a very different thing; it is mostly made of smoke, and someone has very well suggested that we should call it not fog but smog, to remind us that it is made of smoke.

In certain states of the air, especially when the air is warm enough, smoke rises high into the sky, and is blown away and does not do much harm, though wherever there is smoke there is waste. But often, when the air is cold, the smoke gathers and settles in the form of a fog.

This interrupts the traffic; it makes everything dirty; it eats away the surface of beautiful buildings; and it makes thousands of people ill.

ARTHUR MEE'S MONTHLY FOR FEBRUARY

The Miser Who is Ruining the World is the title of an important article in the new number of My Magazine. It points out that there is nothing fundamentally wrong with the world, and that the trouble is made by politicians. It is an entirely created crisis due to the artificial restrictions and restraints which slow down the energies of men, stop production, and interfere with the movement of goods. If the few thousands of people that make up the parliaments of the world could be brought to see what every boy should know the world could soon be put right.

Here are some of the other subjects dealt with in this issue:

The Extraordinary Frenchman
The story of Chateaubriand

Going and Coming Yet For Ever Here
The little rivers of England

The Face of the Country
The human record of perhaps a million years

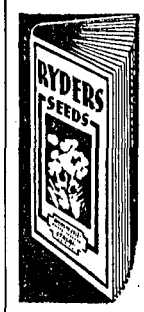
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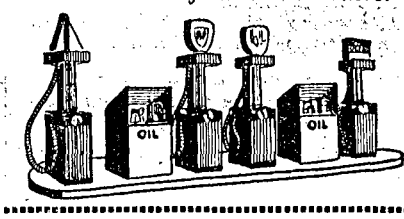
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TWENTY GOOD SHIPS

Serial Story by Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 35

Is It Land?

All rushed on deck. They crowded the side. They saw nothing. The helmsman raised his gaze from the binnacle; saw nothing. The look-out for'ard turned his head, stared, and saw nothing. Tom Honeyman rushed from his galley, shading his eyes. Gannett swung himself up by a stay to the bulwarks, stood there, his bare feet planted, his arm round the stay. Cap'n Ben on the poop raised his telescope. All of them saw nothing.

But down came Jim's persistent cry from aloft: "Land on the starboard bow!"

It was Bora Bora who had taught him how to detect the presence of land when that land was invisible. So now it was their islander who shared his triumph. Before Jim came down Bora Bora was pointing to a faint and distant daub on the heavens ahead, and:

"Big Master, look!" he directed.

"Pooh! Clouds!" frowned the Squire. "Pooh! Clouds! The lad hasn't seen land."

Bora Bora turned his mischievous smile on the Squire.

"Big Master right," he replied. "Those clouds *tayo* sees. But look at them peculiar colour, Big Master!"

"H'm!" murmured the Squire. "Ha! There's a queer tinge about them."

"Land!" pronounced Bora Bora in a bland tone. "In these seas, when clouds am tinged that way, there land underneath them. *Oia ia!* It true!" he added, with dignity. Then all at once they saw his face and eyes shining as he spread his arms wide and flung them up toward the sky. "*Ia ora na! O—e!*" he greeted the land.

He was right, and Jim had been right. The ship shifted a couple of points, and in the late afternoon they distinguished the land through their glasses. Holding on until it was dark, they took their soundings, and lay off in almost sleepless excitement till morning. At dawn they were running with a fair wind abeam, and could make out the land with the naked eye before noon.

Scarcely did Jim attempt to suppress his emotions as he stared with his lips pressed hard on his teeth at that dim shape ahead. He had searched it through the glass, but what did his eyes show him? Was it only an atoll? Or was it an island? Was it the Schjetman Reef? Or was it Mark's island? Was it here, in these uttermost ends of the Earth, in this silent unknown, that Mark Deedwinnick had ventured, and found, and been foully despoiled; in the very hour of triumph foully despoiled? He could remember seeing Mark once—oh, how many years ago—a great king of a man like his father, free-handed, big-hearted. Was this the place which had witnessed the end of his rovings?

"We shall have to go cautious now." It was Cap'n Ben's voice addressing Mr Deedwinnick, who shook with impatience; but Ajax Runnell himself had taken his helm and amidships Gannett and Merciful were swinging the lead.

"By the mark ten, sir," and after a little while, "*and* a half eight, sir!" And Jim knew that they were getting into shallower water. Then Maravin's call. "Stand by the anchor!" it shouted. For the island was coming quite close now. Oh, an island, unquestionably. No atoll or mere coral ring drawn round a lagoon, no bare and ugly reef like a toad on the water, but behind the unruffled basin of a lagoon a curving beach up which the breakers ran creaming toward coconut palms that slanted down from a height which straddled the island from side to side like a saddle.

Loud rang the chant from the chains: "By the deep four, sir!"

Runnell put down his helm and brought the ship into the wind.

"Let go!" bellowed Maravin, and with a roar the anchor splashed into the water, to find a holding ground once more in that boundless Pacific. Then came Maravin hot-foot from the poop to the Squire. "The Captain's compliments, sir, and shall he launch a boat to explore the reef?"

The Squire nodded. Miles Maravin thundered again: "Now get that dinghy alongside! Step lively, lad!"

So the dinghy pulled away to search for a passage through the reef, and, returning with the intelligence that they had found one through which the brigantine could be towed without danger of grounding, the sails were furled, the command to raise anchor was given, a warp was passed from the boat, and the ship was towed in.

Then The Thankful Heart dropped anchor in the lagoon.

Just so may Mark Deedwinnick's vessel have lain after his boat had found the way in. And just as they were now gazing over the brigantine's side at this tranquil water, which was shot with lustre from the coral floor down below, even so may Mark Deedwinnick have gazed—with the first human eyes that ever looked into this mirror.

This thought was strong upon Jim. His own eyes dilated; whichever way he turned them Mark's image went with them.

"A penny for your thoughts!"

It was Mr Deedwinnick, who had noiselessly come up behind him. But before Jim could answer the Squire's firm features broke.

"Nay, friend Jim," he breathed; "your thoughts take the same road as mine."

Then he turned, and those who were crowding the waist made way for him in silence as he turned and passed below with a slow, pondering tread.

However, he was back again in a few minutes, and went straight to Captain Ben, who was standing in the waist with Jim and Miles Maravin.

"Babbage," he said, "aren't we taking a good deal for granted?"

"Taking a good deal for granted!" Cap'n Ben echoed.

"Well, consider!" Mr Deedwinnick laughed his free laugh. "Here we are, dropping anchor in this lagoon, but what evidence have we, man, that this is Mark's island?"

"None that I'm aware of, sir," was the answer.

"Except, and asking your pardon, sir," rumbled Miles Maravin, "that it's more or less in the position that we were aiming for, and that it isn't on the chart—by your leave, sir."

"Oh, hang my leave, Miles!" retorted Mr Deedwinnick. "We've been nosing for the Schjetman Reef. We've not found the reef, but we stumble upon an island, and here we're all taking for granted it's Mark's. But how do we know that it is?"

"I take it we're going ashore, sir?" smiled Cap'n Ben.

"Aye, and I'm all impatience!" cried Mr Deedwinnick, but before he could add the other words on his lips Jim had stepped forward shyly and begged leave to speak.

"Aye, out with it, friend Jim," bade Mr Deedwinnick.

"Sir," ventured Jim, "we can soon prove whether it's our island——"

"*Our* island, eh? Since when have you had share in it?" The Squire's face shone with amusement. "Well—how?"

CHAPTER 36

The Lagoon

Jim regarded the Squire a moment. "By finding out, sir," he said, "if there are pearls in this lagoon."

"Egad, but he's right!" exclaimed Mr Deedwinnick with fervour. "Hi, Bora Bora! No, we won't go ashore yet, Ben Babbage." For Cap'n Ben was urging that they try the land first. "Hi, Bora Bora!" the Squire shouted again. And when Bora Bora came smiling. "You diver? You dive? You dive for pearls straight away?" he demanded excitedly.

"Bora Bora mighty good diver, Big Master." Then the islander glanced at the sky. "And plenty of time. Bora Bora dive from boat and see if he find pearls. Bora Bora go and make ready, Big Master."

But they noticed that he darted straight to Tom Honeyman and spoke in a low voice, making signs with his hands, and they saw Tom Honeyman, that Jack-of-all-trades, listening with head on one side, rather puzzled, till suddenly his face cleared, he gave a brief smile, and panted off to the forepeak with the native behind him.

When the islander reappeared, approaching them sideways, they might have taken him for some grotesque heathen deity. The limbs and body and shoulders were his very likely, but instead of a head he had grown a square wooden box! Then he turned and faced them full, and they saw there was glass in it; that the side in front of his face was one pane of glass.

He took it off. It was notched to fit round his neck. He grinned at them. "That Tommanyman's making," he told them. "Big Master, when divers dive they always wear box so. In Papeete the French they call the box the *lunette*. But them meant more to protect diver's eyes under water." He swung his queer box in his fingers. "Me ready," he smiled. Then stripping himself to his *pareu* he dropped into the dinghy. "Bora Bora's *tayo* come too," he said, beckoning Jim.

"We're all coming," cried Mr Deedwinnick, and bustled Jim down with Cap'n Ben and Miles Maravin. "Now, pull away, Gannett. Bora Bora, you give the word where we lie to."

So Gannett pulled away with long, easy strokes, while Bora Bora lay stretched with his head thrust over the bows to gaze into the deep mirror of the lagoon.

And while he gazed he kept up a low, eager chanting. They might have supposed him conjuring the pearls to reveal themselves. Suddenly, "Now!" he exclaimed.

So the dinghy came to a rest upon the still waters.

Then Bora Bora stood up, and, first squaring his shoulders and rubbing his thighs and shins with the palms of his hands, he began to breathe as he had breathed for his fight with the shark; taking deep, noisy breaths and ejecting them with a peculiar species of whistle. While Jim counted four long minutes he stood breathing thus, then taking his wooden box, which Jim had been holding for him, he fitted it on to his head. Then he stretched his arms in front of him, posted his tawny body on the gunwale, and dived into the water with hardly a splash.

Straight down he clove, like an arrow shot to the depths.

He remained under water two minutes. When he came up again he removed his box and said, "Plenty coral there, Big Master. But no oyster shell—Bora Bora he try again," and he made a sign to Gannett to pull on a little. But the next time they stopped, instead of diving overboard, he levelled a long and inquiring glance at the water, then, after recharging his lungs, he took the top off his wooden frame and employed the frame as a man might employ opera-glasses, putting it into the water, putting his head into it, and thus, with his body stretched almost out of the boat, allowing his eyes to pierce the water through the glass which he moved about to search the coral below.

He was frowning when he wriggled his body back to the thwart. "Bora Bora find no pearls today," he muttered.

"Aren't there any?" breathed Jim.

The islander shook his head. "Me no know," he replied. "But plenty coral banks where oyster shells grow. Young master, look—see?" He gave Jim the frame and made him stare down as he had done. And as Jim mastered the faint distortion caused by the ripples he could distinguish that their boat lay above a long ridge of coral, broken here and there by patches of dazzling white sand, and covered occasionally by water-plants of all colours that were lifting transparent branches up to the light, waving filigree arms and swaying their feelers slowly from side to side.

"Sixty feet down," whispered Bora Bora.

Jim thought it was just like a garden down at the bottom there. He saw trees and bushes and plants of coral itself, and little flat-topped coral tables on which starfish were basking, some blacker than the night, some blue as the sky. A quantity of other life moved through the garden. Brittle sea-urchins crawled languidly over the sand. Fantastic fish flashed in and out of the coral. And hermit-crabs ran about to steal other crab's shells, or stayed crouching under the wing of some giant anemone whose stinging tentacles kept intruders at bay. But Jim's eyes had only skimmed the cream of the picture before he felt Bora Bora drawing him back and heard the Squire bidding Gannett give way.

"We will pull in to the beach," said Mr Deedwinnick.

The ripples were racing each other up to the beach, tumbling into lather when they embraced it. There was no problem here of avoiding perilous breakers. Gannett pulled smoothly on till the boat's nose came to the sand, when they waded through a sprinkle of surf and then beached her.

"At last!" exclaimed Mr Deedwinnick, and drew a deep breath, as his fingers dipped into his pocket and brought out his snuff-box. "At last!" he repeated, his knuckles drumming the box. "Friend Jim, what did I tell you was the area of the Pacific Ocean?"

"Fifty million square miles, sir," said Jim.

"Well, and here is our needle in that haystack, friend Jim." But as the Squire spoke he shot a mischievous glance at Miles Maravin. "And who was in the right of it, Miles?" he demanded.

Whereupon immediately he turned on his heel and went slowly up the beach to the palms, where he stood with uncovered head and his thoughts for his company.

Then after a space they saw him swing round again, and down the beach he returned with a firm, steady tread.

TO BE CONTINUED

JACKO'S CONJURING TRICK

Jacko had been asked to take Baby to a conjuring entertainment at a friend's house. They were watching the performance with the greatest interest.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," said the conjurer, "You see this card?" But before they had time to say that they could it had disappeared into thin air!



Jacko shook out the two bits

One thing after another he made disappear, and then he said: "Will any gentleman lend me a handkerchief?"

"I will," said Jacko quickly, pulling out his own.

The conjurer took it. "You don't mind if I destroy this?" he asked.

Jacko did mind, but he grinned and shook his head.

So the conjurer took the two corners of the handkerchief and tore it in two!

Jacko gasped.

The conjurer was now rolling the two bits up, squeezing them into his fist. Now he was shaking them out again. Out came a blue and red handkerchief! How marvellous! Then he rolled and squeezed this one up, and lo and behold! he shook out of his hand Jacko's new handkerchief, quite unspoiled.

"Coo, that's easy," murmured Jacko.

"I've learned a trick," he said to Adolphus when they got home. "Could you lend me a handkerchief?"

Adolphus pulled one out of his pocket.

Jacko took it and tore it in two.

"Steady on!" cried Adolphus. "That's a new one. What do you think you're playing at?"

"You wait!" said Jacko. "That is part of the trick." Then he rolled it and squeezed it up tight.

"Lo and behold!" said Jacko, mimicking the conjurer, and he shook out the two bits.

But, instead of a red and blue handkerchief, to his horror only Adolphus's torn one fell to the ground.

"Something must have gone wrong," stammered Jacko.

"I should think it had; and something else will go wrong, too, in a minute, you young booby," cried his brother.

But Jacko had fled.

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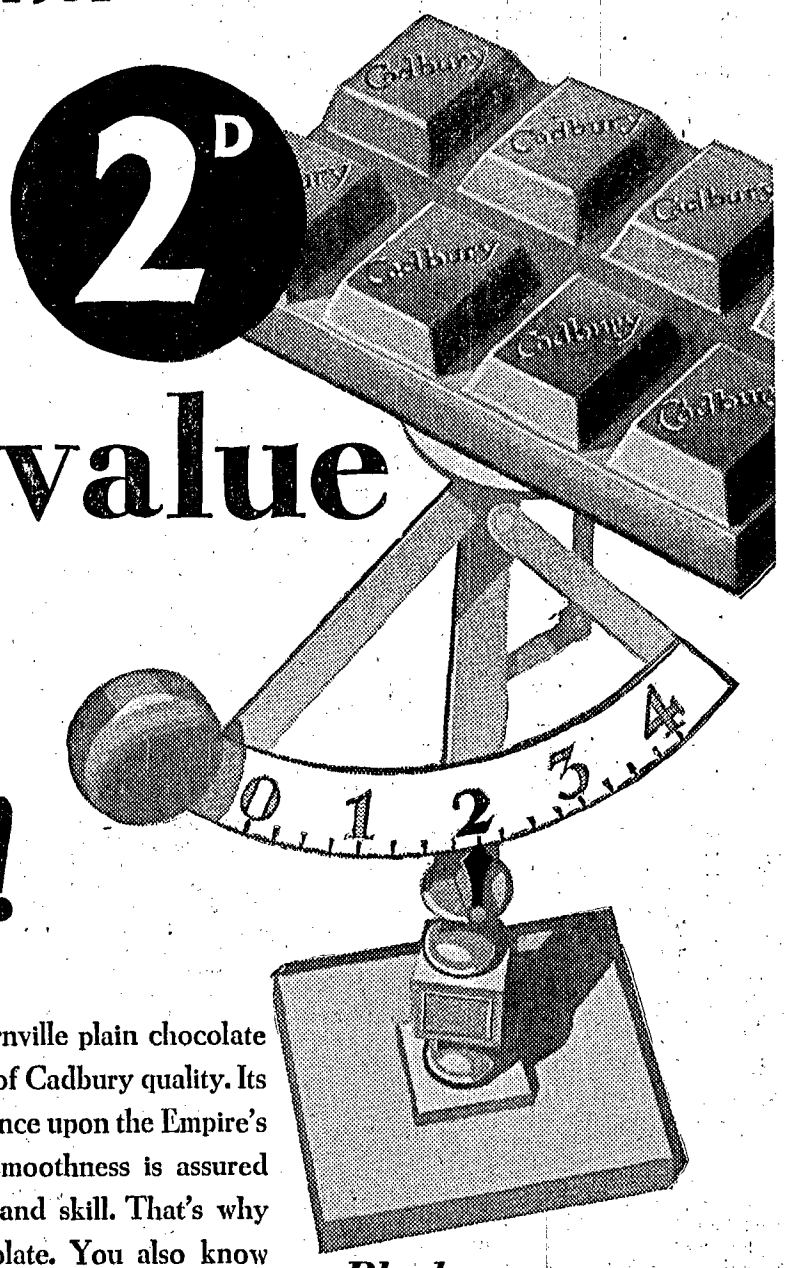
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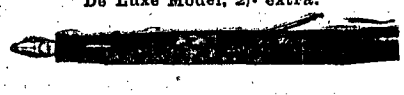
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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

January 21, 1933 — Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year (Canada 14s).

THE BRAN TUB

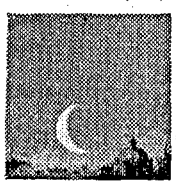
Divided By Six

SIX children, with 1s 2d between them, went to a stall to buy oranges. There were three kinds of oranges, priced according to their size. The largest were twopence each, the middle size were a penny each, and the smallest were three for twopence.

What oranges should they buy so that everyone could have an equal number? *Answer next week*

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Venus is in the South-East. In the evening Uranus is in the South-West, and Mars and Jupiter are in the South-East later. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 7 a.m. on January 22.



Those Who Come and Those Who Go

HOW many people are born in your town and how many die?

Here are the figures for 12 towns. The four weeks up to December 24, 1932, are compared with the corresponding weeks a year ago.

TOWN	BIRTHS		DEATHS	
	1932	1931	1932	1931
London	4637	4454	4072	4160
Glasgow	1594	1561	1702	1165
Birmingham	1121	1167	939	868
Manchester	921	843	748	813
Edinburgh	495	466	445	459
Newcastle	395	459	319	298
Cardiff	291	261	245	205
Plymouth	246	218	198	187
Southampton	212	179	154	163
Ipswich	100	84	79	60
Bath	62	47	79	59
Northampton	72	87	77	94

Beheaded Word

IF from your shelf you take a book,
You'll find me there if you but look;
And if you put it back again,
That I am there is also plain.
Decapitate, twill then appear,
Without mistake, that I am here;
Behead again—you'll want no more,
Because I always come before.

Answer next week

Ici On Parle Français



Un orgue La mangouste La palissade

L'orgue de l'église est tout neuf.
Leur mangouste tuera les reptiles.
Pouvez-vous franchir la palissade?

Newspaper On a Stamp

ON May 25, 1830, the first Honduras newspaper, the Government Gazette, started publication. Three special stamps



were issued in 1930 to commemorate the centenary of this event, and included as the central design a reproduction of part of the original front page of the Gazette.

Coloured Snowdrops

IN Central Europe snowdrops which are almost entirely green are found. These are definite species, but in some British gardens a few years ago bright yellow varieties of the common snowdrop appeared.

Most remarkable of all was the pink snowdrop which grew in a Northumberland garden about fifty years ago. An attempt was made to increase this variety, but the original bulb died.

What Bird Is This?

IN the brave but not in the bold,
In the young but not in the old,
In the shale but not in the rock,
In the taunt but not in the mock,
In the curve but not in the bend,
In the hire but not in the lend,
In the rove but not in the stray,
Complete, you will find a bird of prey. *Answer next week*

The Speed of Lightning

A RECENT experiment proved that a flash of lightning lasts just over half a second.

A kinema camera running at the rate of eight pictures a second was exposed during a thunderstorm, and when the film was developed a flash could be seen in five consecutive pictures.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

In Passing. 1506 yards.

Two Thermometers

Total number of degrees above freezing is 74 minus 32, or 42. These are divided between the two scales in the ratio of 100 to 180, or 5 to 9. Centigrade temperature is therefore five-fourteenths of 42, that is 15 C. Fahrenheit is nine-fourteenths of 42 plus 32, that is 59 F.

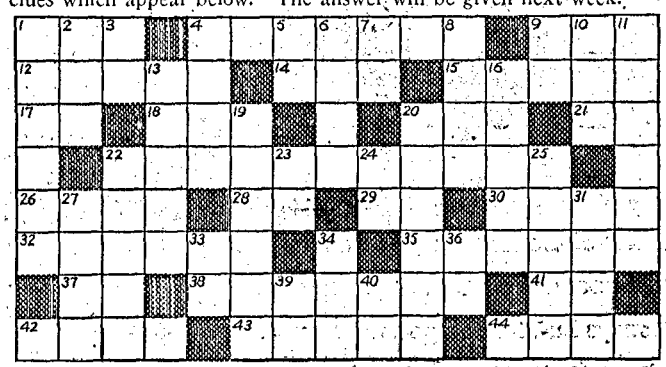
What Am I? A cloud (of snow, of spray, of dust, in the sky).

Three Little Charades

Flag-on, fur-below, spar-row.

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 49 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues which appear below. The answer will be given next week.



Reading Across. 1. A spike of corn. 4. An incident. 9. A pole. 12. A play. 14. Twenty cwt. 15. To invest with clothing. 17. That is.* 18. Great English-speaking nation.* 20. Mass of salt water. 21. The Navy.* 22. Tumultuous noise. 26. Six balls. 28. Abraham's native city. 29. Officer commanding.* 30. In addition. 32. Leases again. 35. Helpful. 37. Electric light.* 38. A scrap. 41. Sodium, chemical symbol. 42. Once. 43. To intimidate. 44. Rim.

Reading Down. 1. Prepares a book for publication. 2. Exist. 3. High artist's honour.* 4. Comfort. 5. Pronoun. 6. Male relations. 7. Above and touching. 8. The first garden. 9. Bachelor of Arts.* 10. April.* 11. Helps to make junket. 13. A name for the common guillemot. 16. Contested. 19. Entertained. 20. Geometrical term for a line that cuts another. 22. Barren hills. 23. Edvardus Rex.* 24. County.* 25. The largest antelope. 27. To go round. 31. Branch broken from a tree. 33. Transpose.* 34. South African quadruped. 36. Pronoun. 39. Child's name for Mother. 40. Indefinite article.

Dr MERRYMAN

He Waited

THE lion-tamer was rehearsing some of his charges when an attendant approached the enclosure.

"The Income-Tax man would like to see you, sir," he announced.

"Very good," replied the lion-tamer. "Show him right in."

Poor Little Toe

YELLS were heard coming from the nursery.

"What's the matter, darling?" asked Mummie, as she burst open the door.

"I've hurt my toe," wailed the infant.

"Which one?" queried Mummie.

"Oh, the youngest one," was the mournful reply.

Billy's Silly Sister



THE label says "Rub on the chest";
Though camphorated oil is best,
I cannot see how rubbing wood
Can do poor Billy's cold much good.

Batteries of Today

SMALL Derek had overheard a conversation about the war.

"What were you in the war, Daddie?" he asked, on arriving home.

"I was a battery sergeant-major, Sonny."

"High or low tension?" queried modern Derek.

Mistaken Identity

DINER: Waiter, who spilled the mustard on this waffle?

Waiter: That, sir, is the lemon curd tart you ordered.

Goal!

MRS. SMITH was telling a neighbour that her husband was unwell, a victim of football.

"But I had no idea your husband played football," replied Mrs Jones.

"Neither does he; but he strained his vocal chords at last Saturday's match."



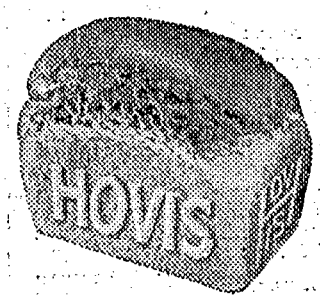
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FIVE-MINUTE STORY

THE ONE PER CENT

"COME on! Up you jump if you want to go!"

These words, accompanied by a vigorous shaking of my shoulder, woke me before sunrise one morning, and somehow the prospect of getting up early did not seem so alluring as I had thought it the night before.

But my brothers and I were soon ready to start on our adventure. We were going a-fishing!

It was a cold, grey morning, but the air was exhilarating as we trudged down the Ipswich Road, carrying our jam-jars and nets.

I started to chatter about the fish we were going to catch, but my brothers, who were twelve-year-old twins, tried to look very staid and dignified. They wanted to show me that this sort of business was nothing new to them.

We covered the ground as fast as my seven-year-old legs permitted and at last came to a five-barred gate. We quickly climbed over it, and then we ran as fast as we could across the broad meadow by the river until we came to some dykes, in the clear water of which our sharp eyes soon spied some sticklebacks.

Almost too excited to speak, we thrust in our nets, brought them out again dripping with water and weeds, and now and again one of us would have the sharp pleasure of finding one or two of the tiny, squiggling fish, which were transferred into the jam-jars.

The sky began to grow brighter, and the first rays of the Sun appeared, lighting up the meadows and surrounding country, the dykes, the crystal waters of the river, in which we could see really big fish lazily swimming.

It seemed a long trudge home again with our spoil, and as we arrived long before breakfast we passed the time in putting the minnows into a large tub of water, counting them fairly and equally. And then, after a careful recount, an unexpected difficulty arose. There were exactly one hundred gold-bellies, silver-bellies, and black ones.

Three into a hundred left thirty-three and a third—which was awkward. In the midst of our anxious consultation our sister came out to look at the spoil, and, seizing the opportunity, she begged for the odd one.

We all shouted at once, and the discussion became very heated. Finally, in a fit of generosity, we gave her the ugliest black minnow we could find; and this she proudly took indoors in a jar.

So much for the one, but what of the ninety-and-nine?

Probably we overfed them, or omitted to give them fresh water often enough. To our consternation they all died.

And still the one ugly little black fish, which was carefully tended, discreetly fed, and looked after, was swimming serenely about in the pond on the lawn! He lived to a good old age.

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